

HIT COMICS

JULY No. 41

DID *Kid* ETERNITY

LOSE HIS
POWER?



10¢

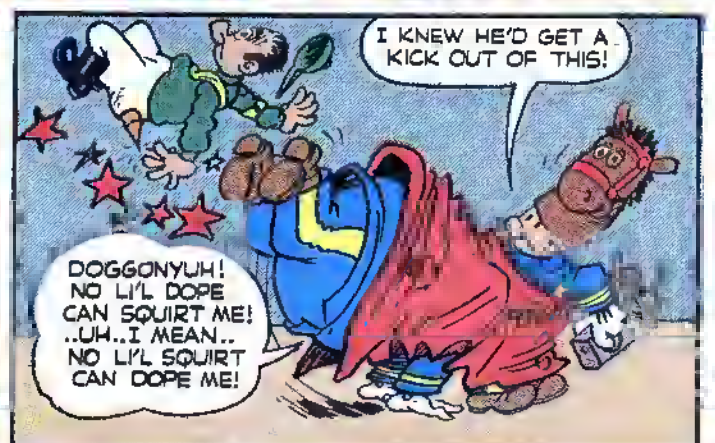
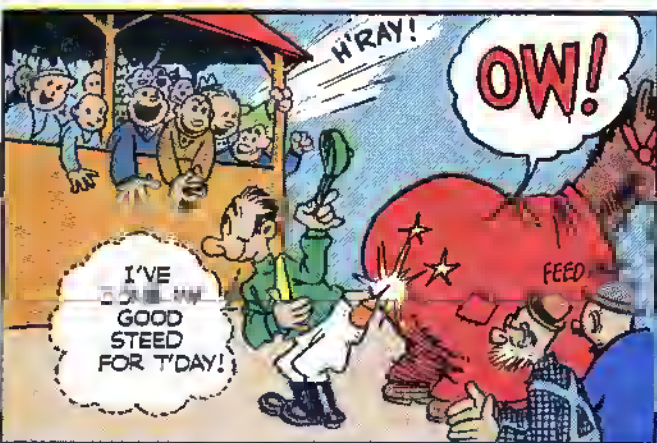
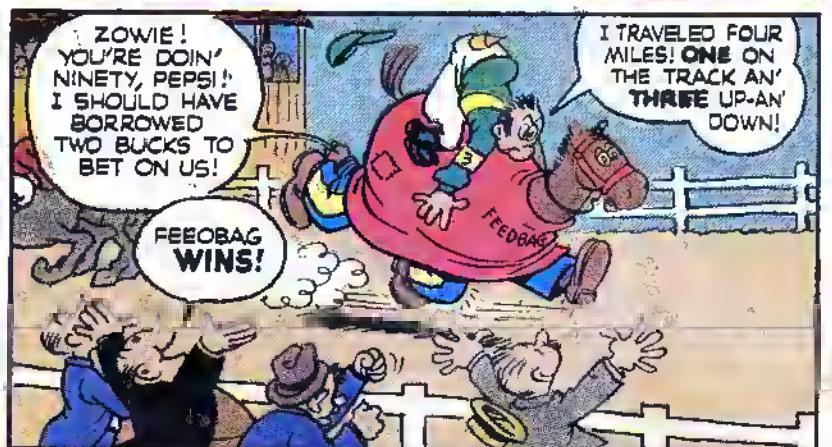
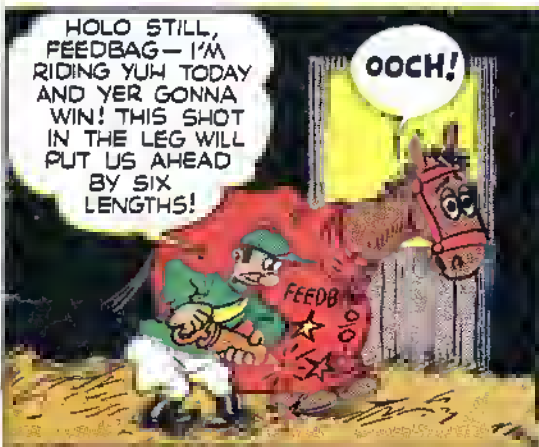
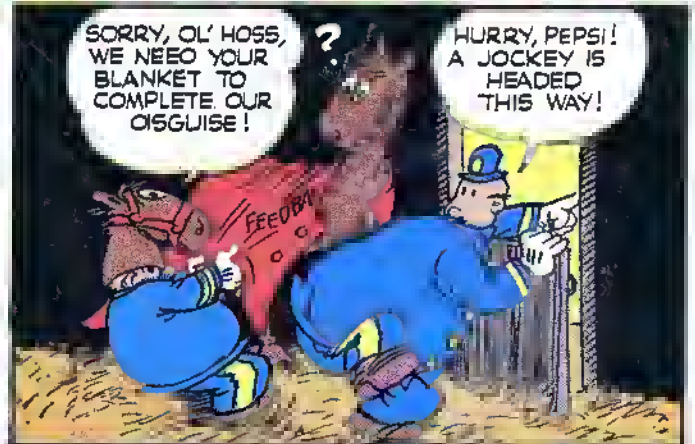
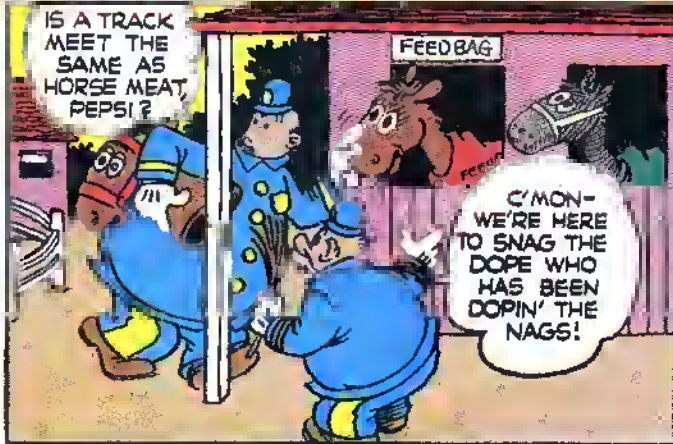
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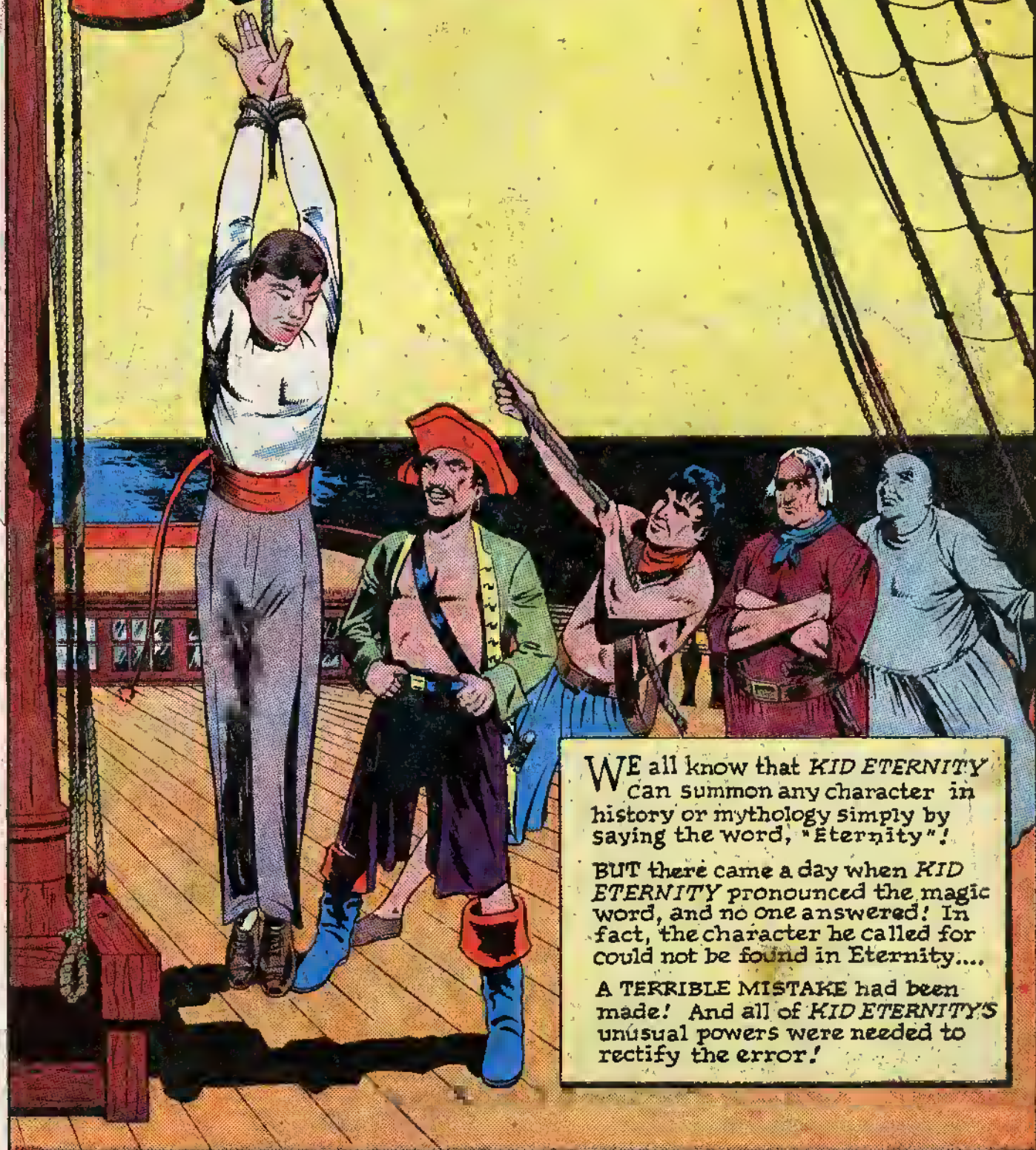
STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hillbilly Comics', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



Kid ETERNITY



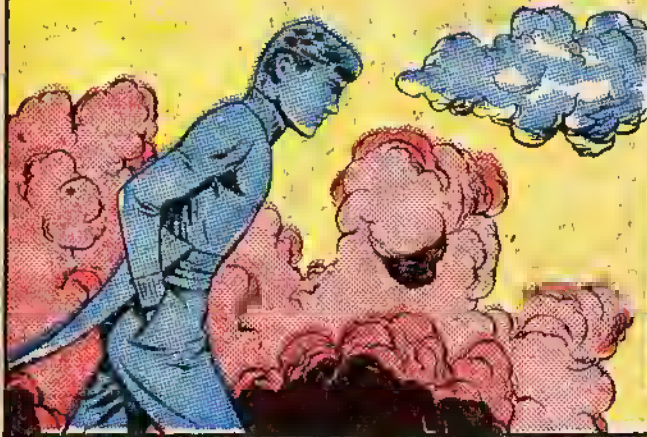
WE all know that **KID ETERNITY** can summon any character in history or mythology simply by saying the word, "Eternity"!

BUT there came a day when **KID ETERNITY** pronounced the magic word, and no one answered! In fact, the character he called for could not be found in Eternity....

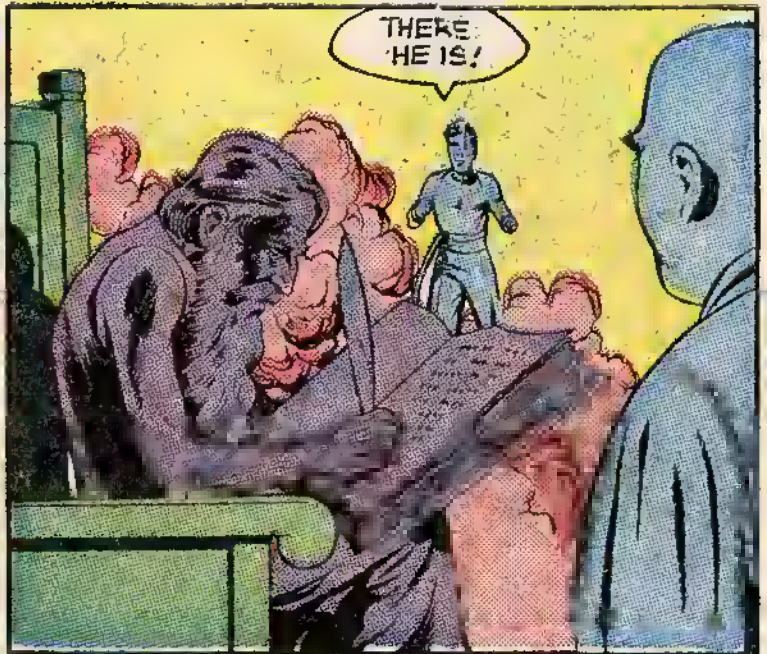
A TERRIBLE MISTAKE had been made! And all of **KID ETERNITY'S** unusual powers were needed to rectify the error!

One day as KID ETERNITY is strolling through the clouds --

I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MR. KEEPER? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL DAY!

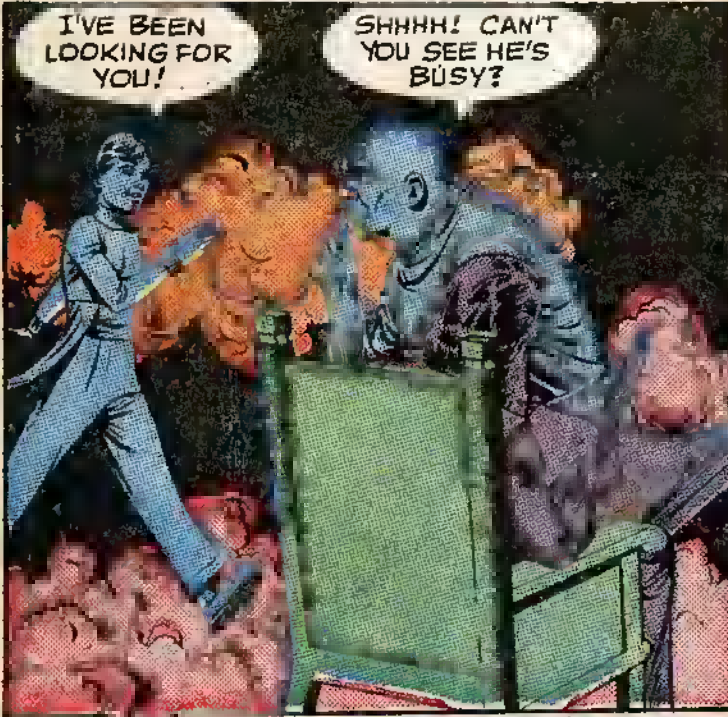


THERE HE IS!



I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

SHHHH! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S BUSY?



WHO IS HE? WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

HE'S THE BOOK-KEEPER FOR ETERNITY! IT'S HIS JOB TO AUDIT THE BOOKS AND SEE THAT EVERYBODY IS HERE WHO BELONGS HERE!



A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED! WE'VE JUST DISCOVERED THERE ARE TWENTY MEN MISSING WHO OUGHT TO BE IN ETERNITY! BUT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THEY ARE!

GOLLY!

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THE POPULATION IS TWENTY LESS THAN IT SHOULD BE! NOW THE BOOKKEEPER HAS TO CHECK EVERYBODY IN ETERNITY TO FIND OUT WHO IS ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE!

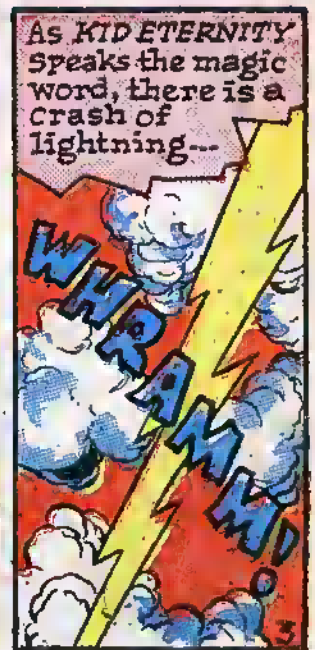
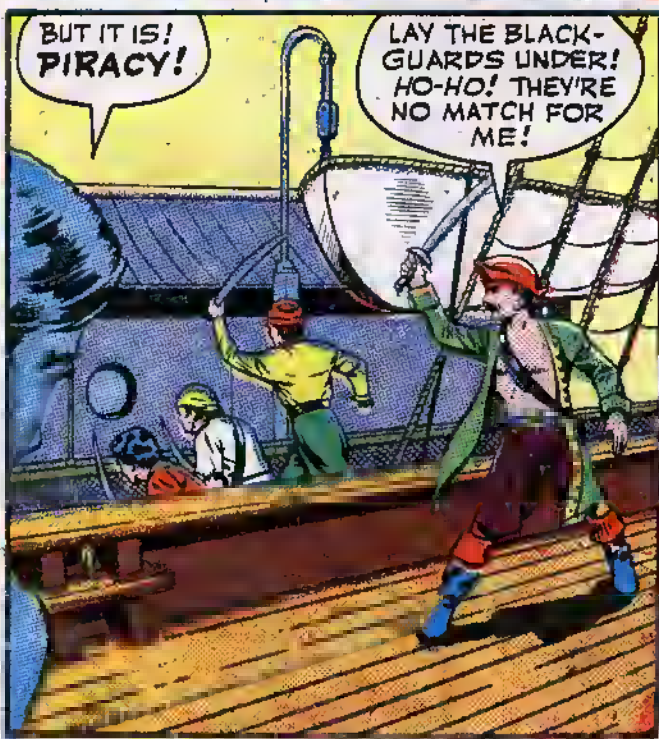
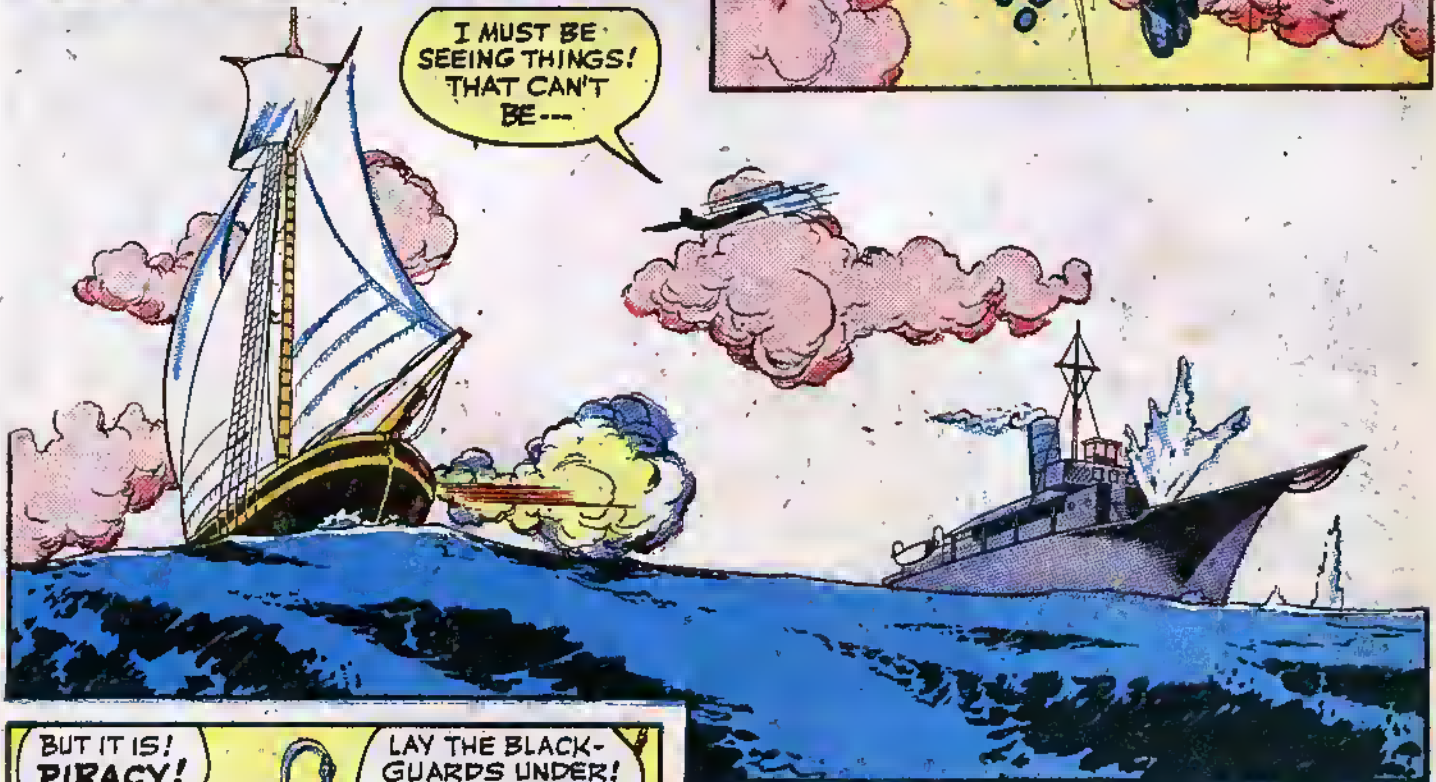
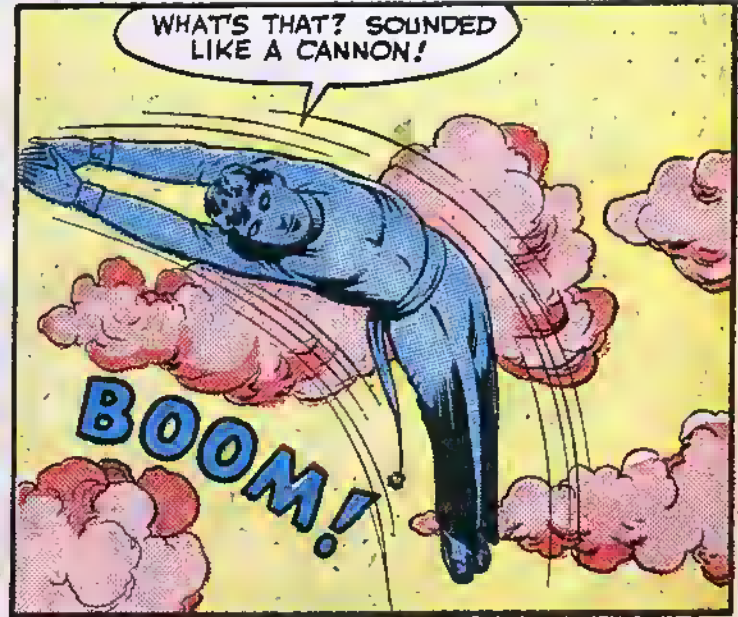
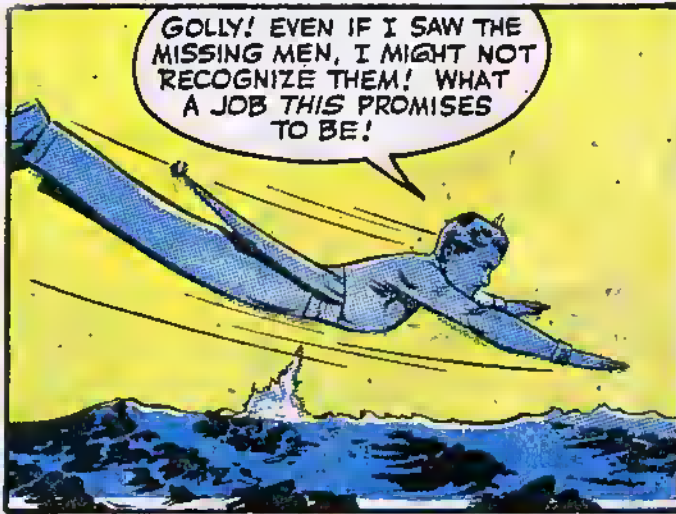
MAYBE I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AROUND ON EARTH!



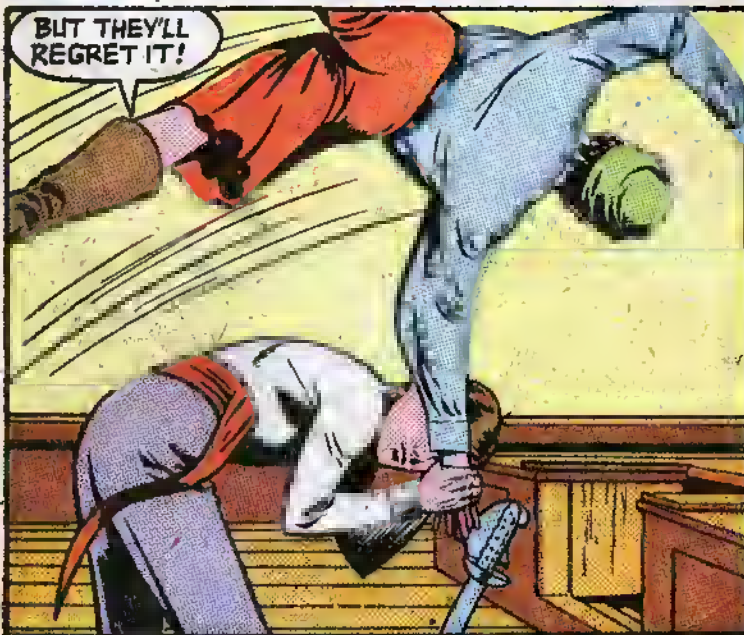
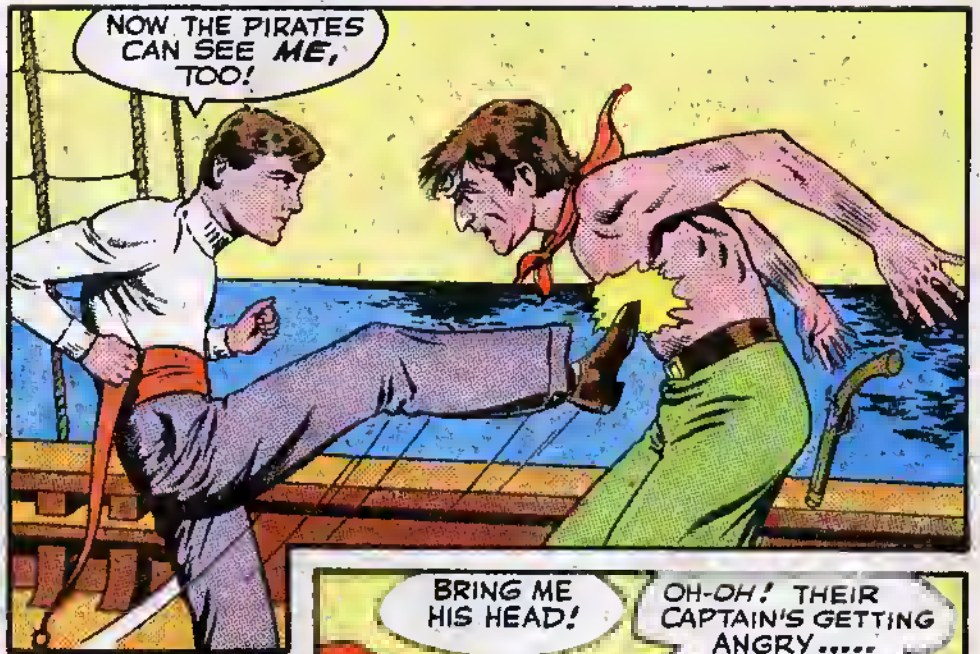
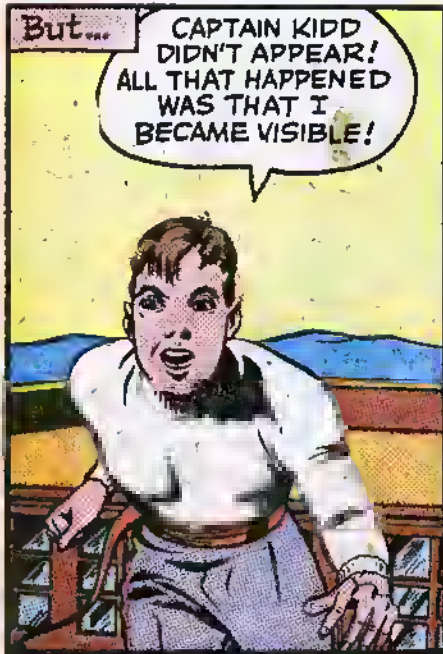
GO AHEAD, KID! I WISH YOU LUCK!

THANKS, KEEPER!

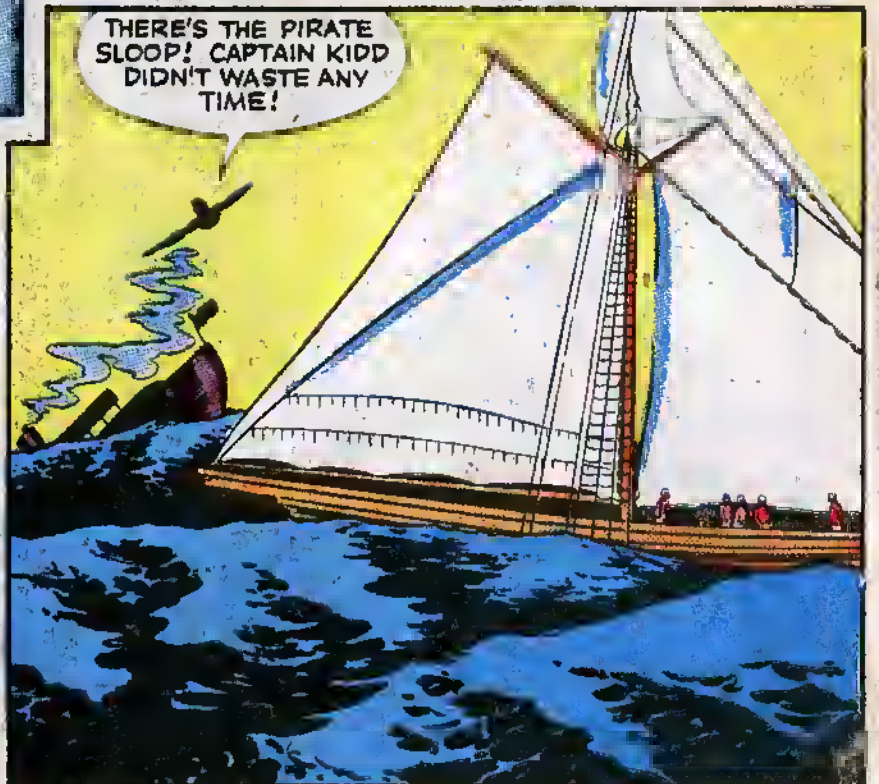
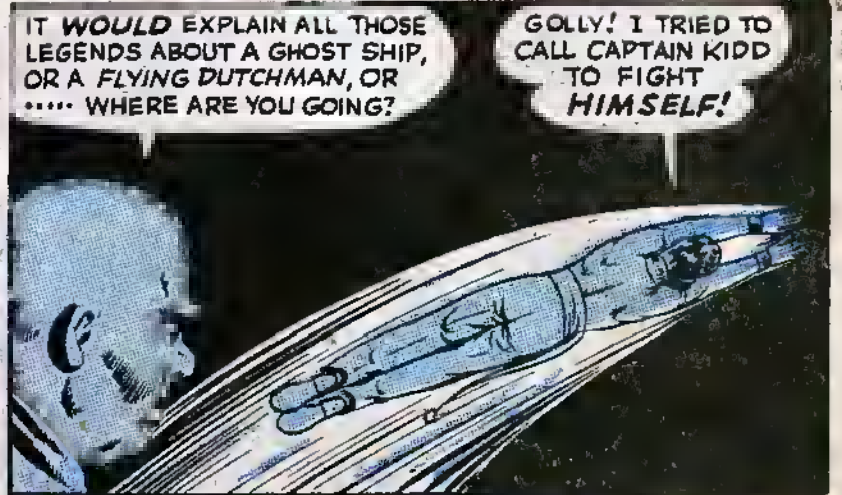
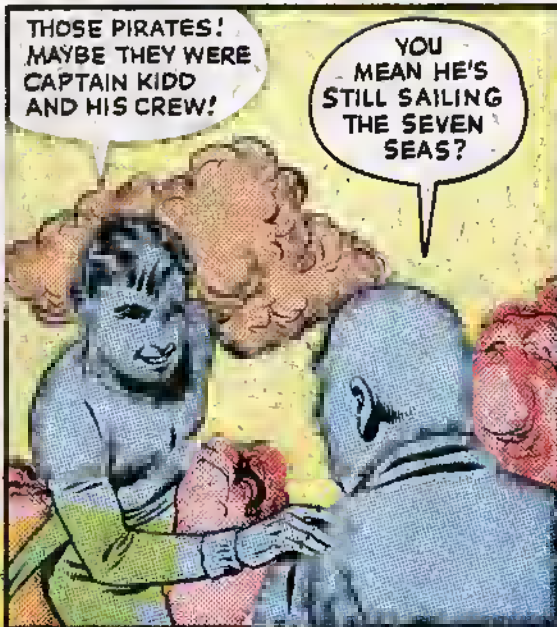
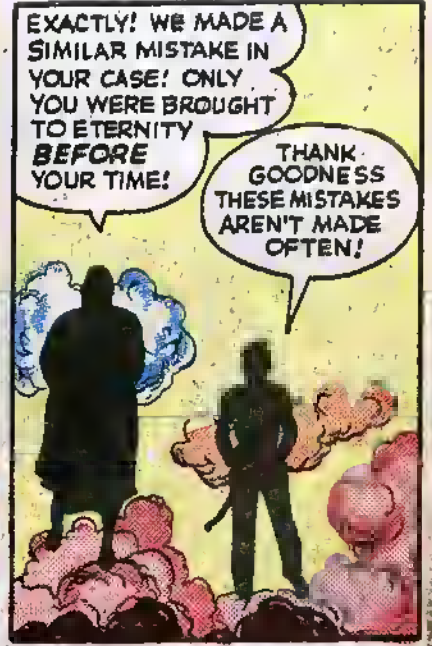




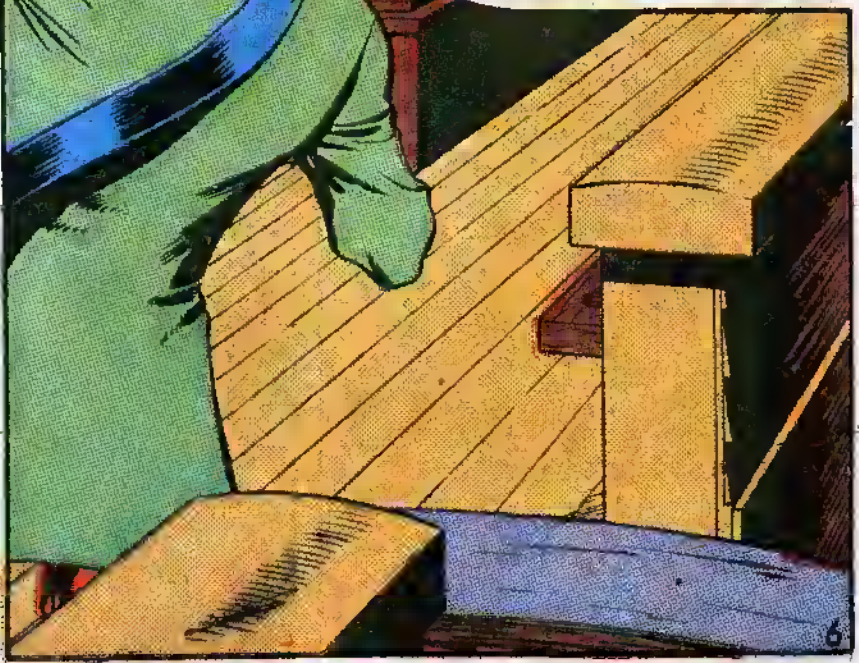
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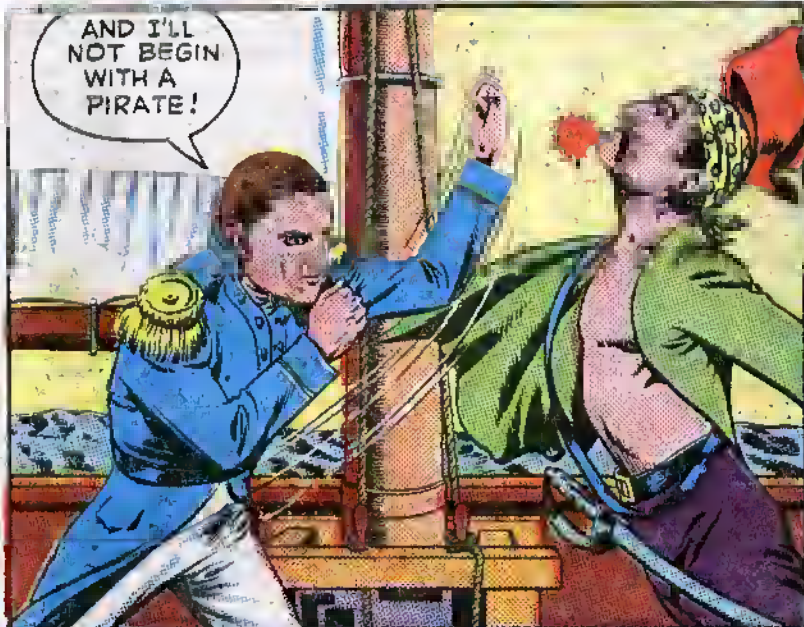
HIT COMICS



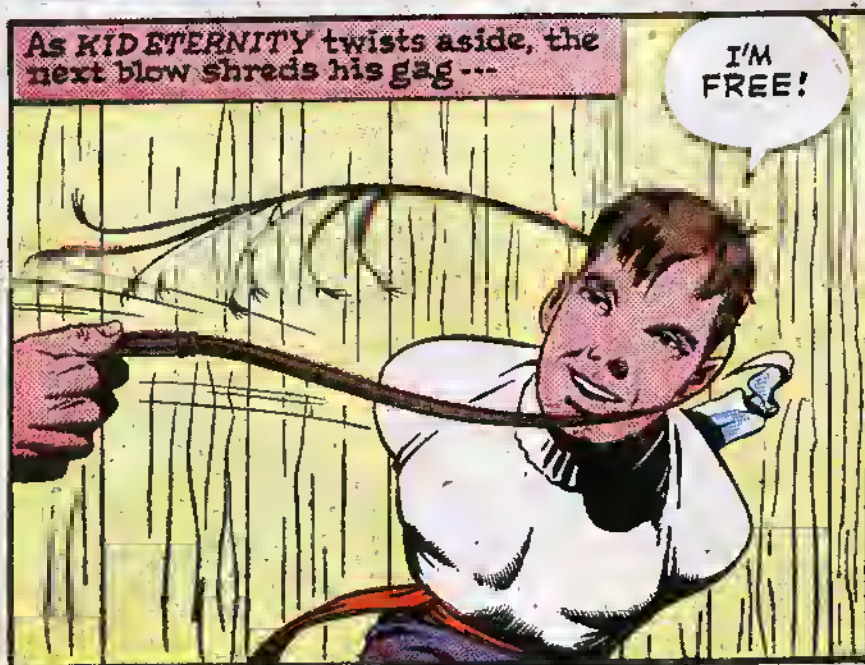
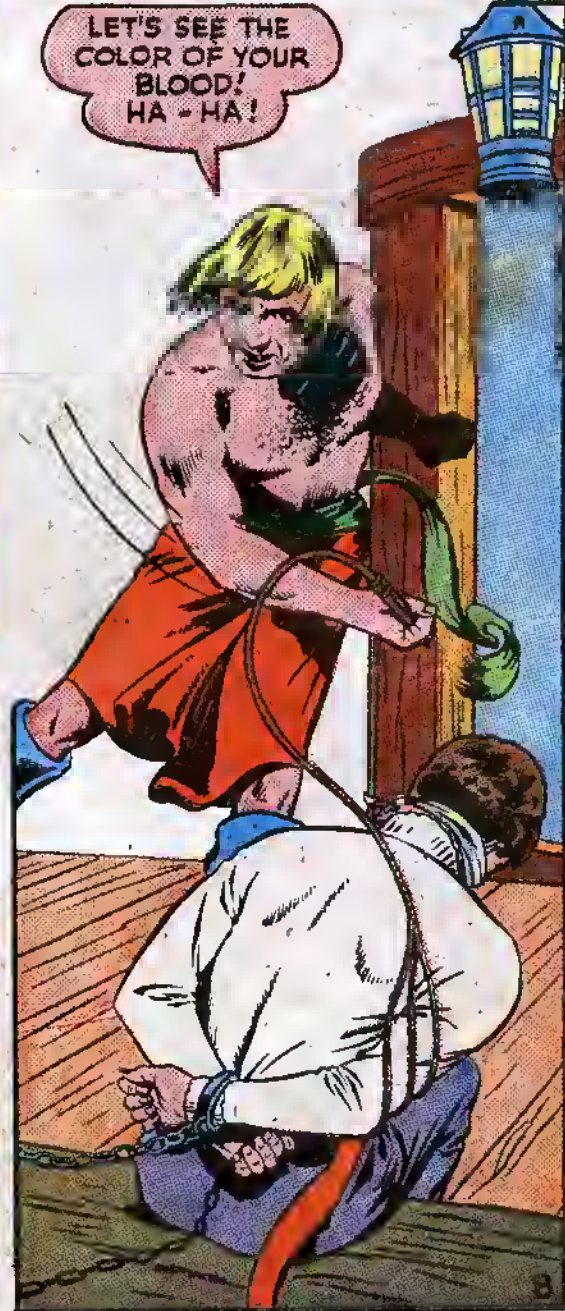
HIT COMICS



HIT COMICS

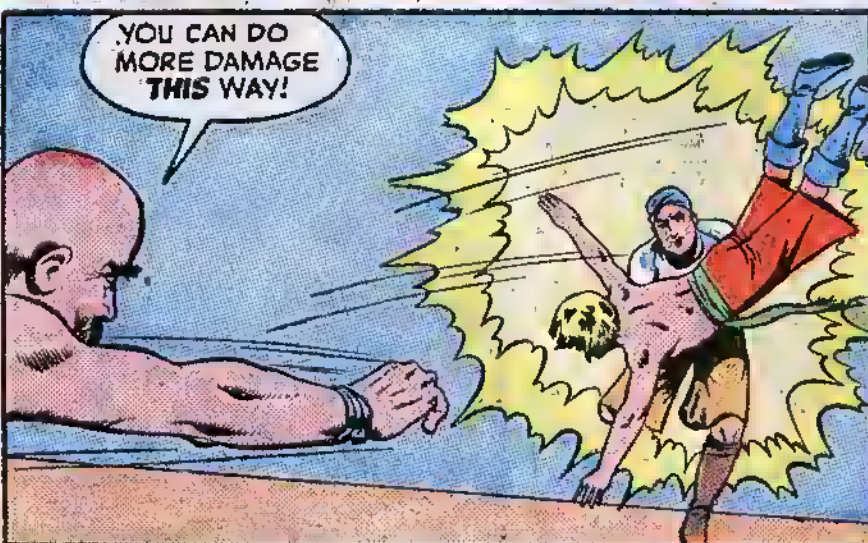
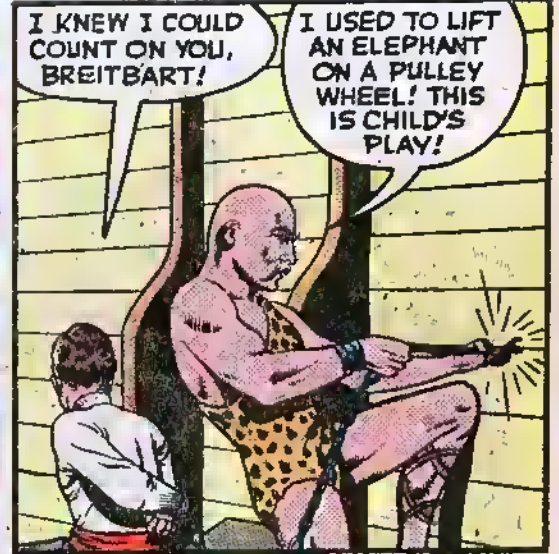


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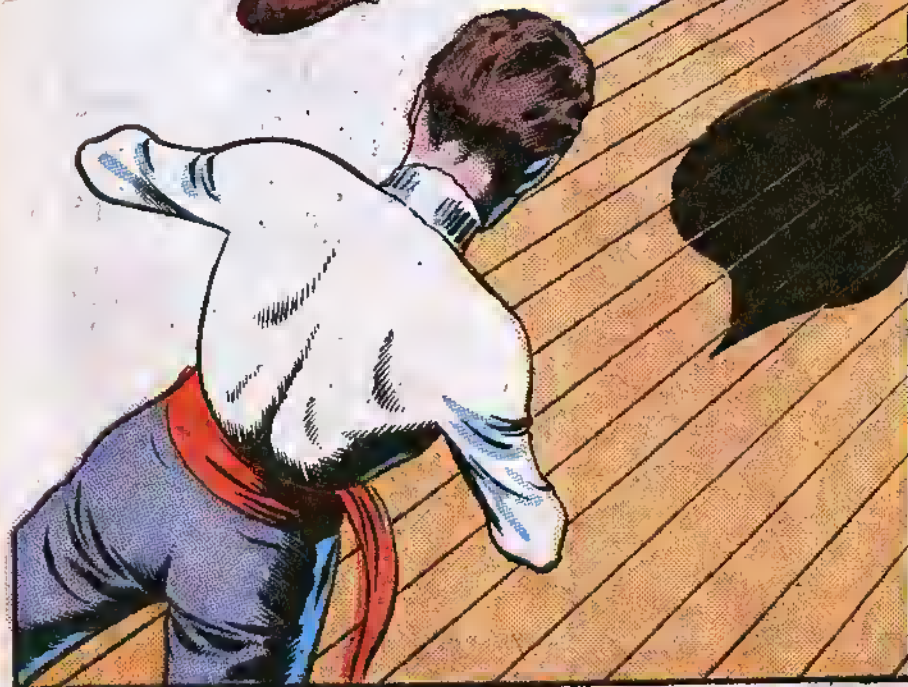
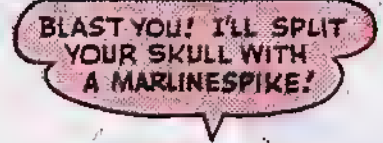


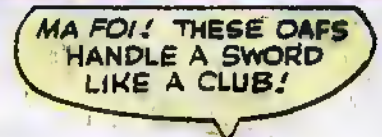
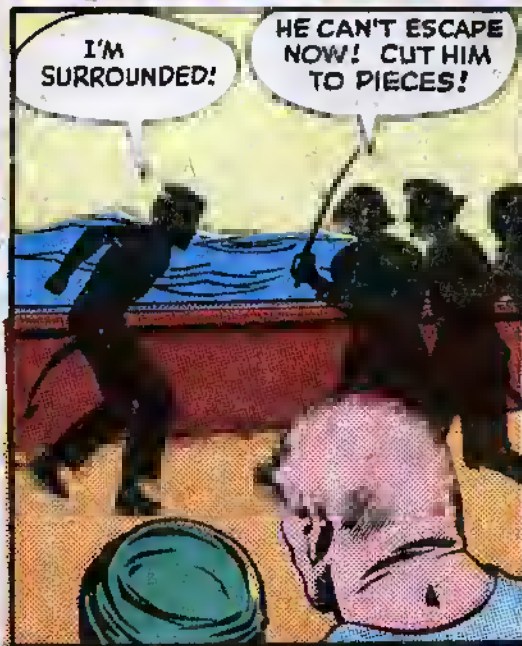
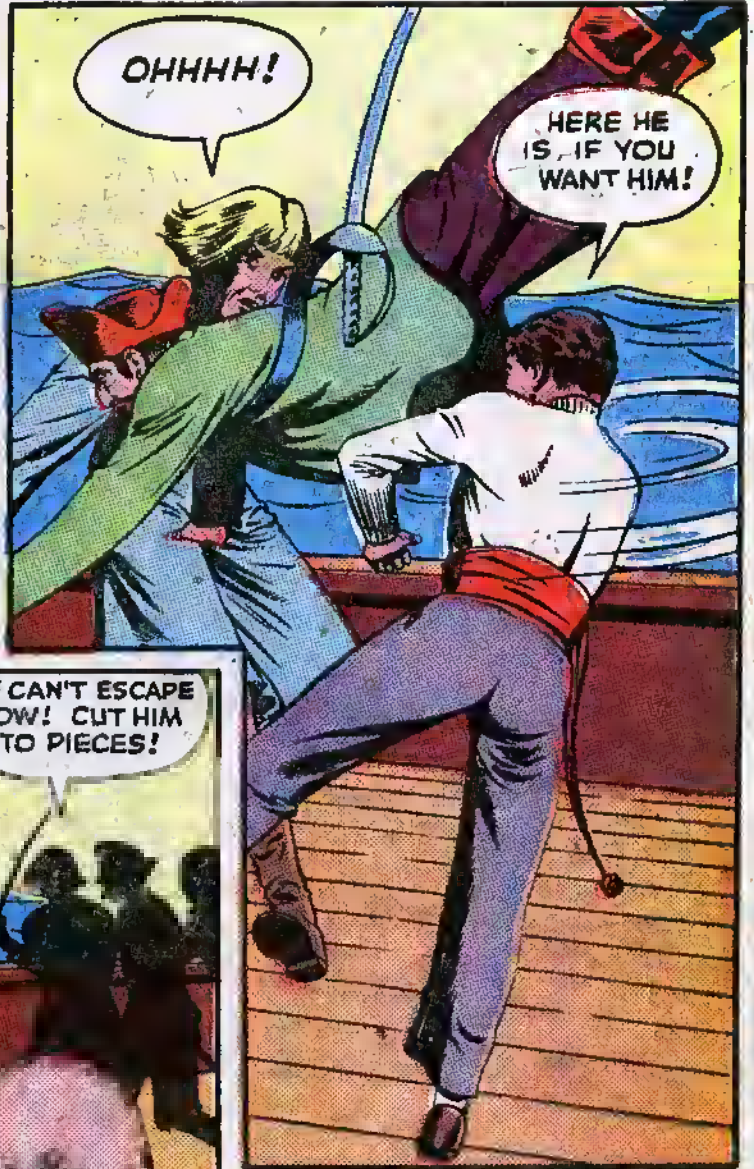
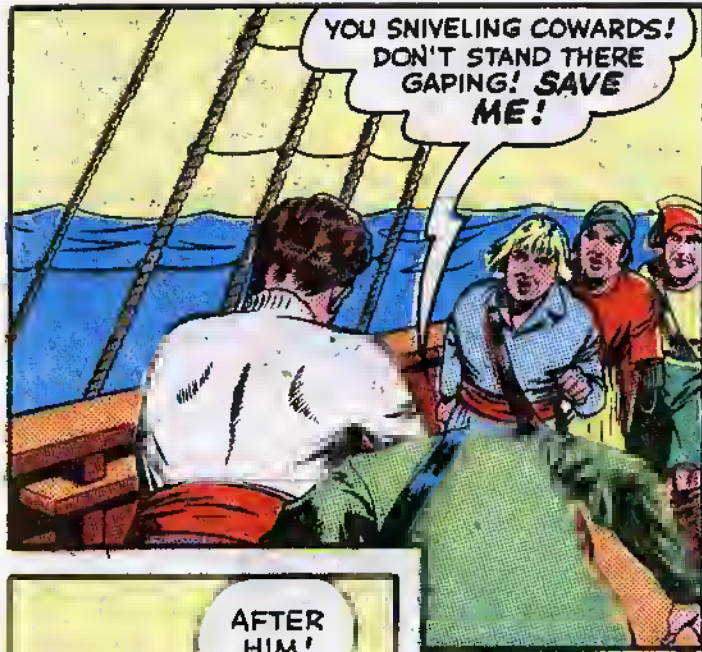
As KID ETERNITY twists aside, the next blow shreds his gag ---

HIT COMICS

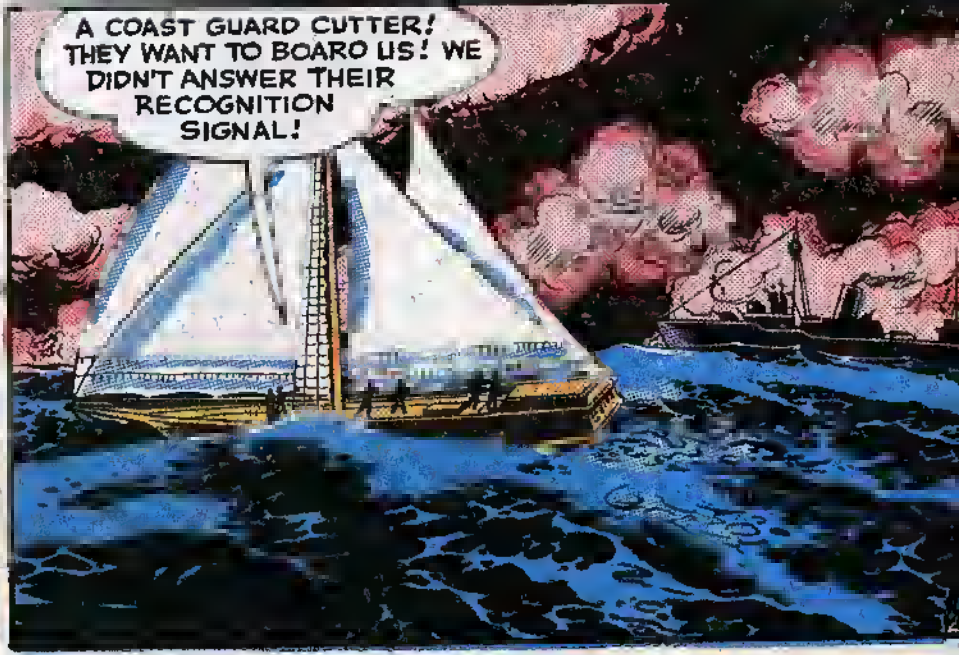
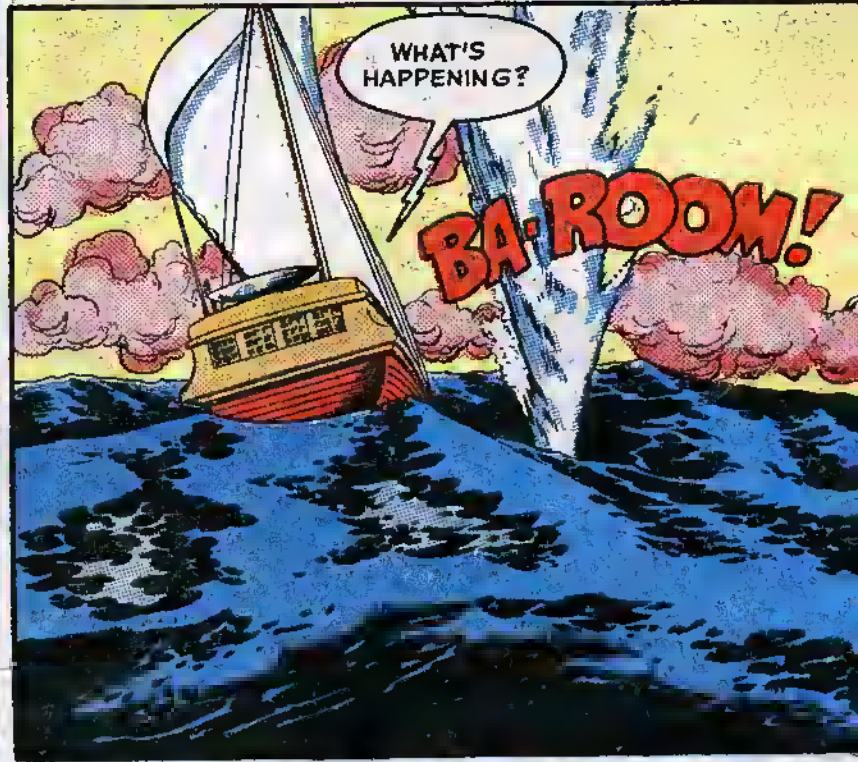
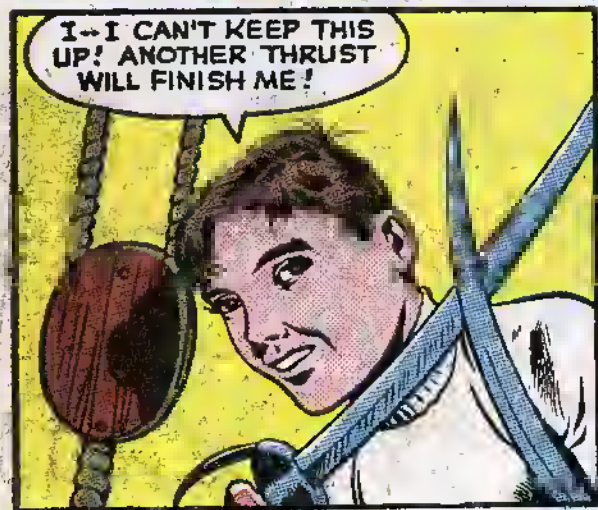
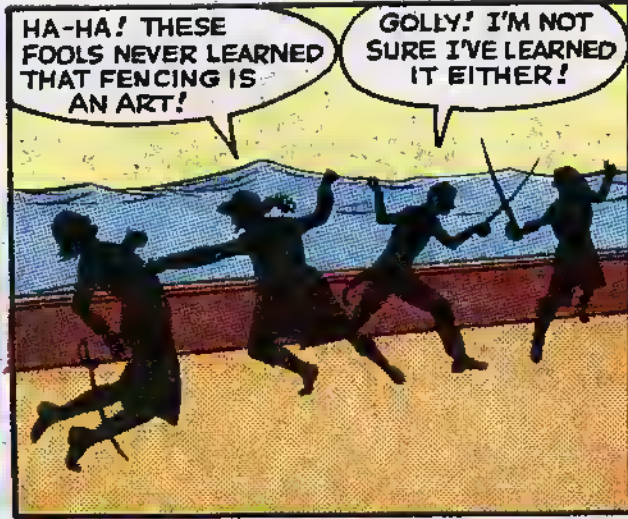
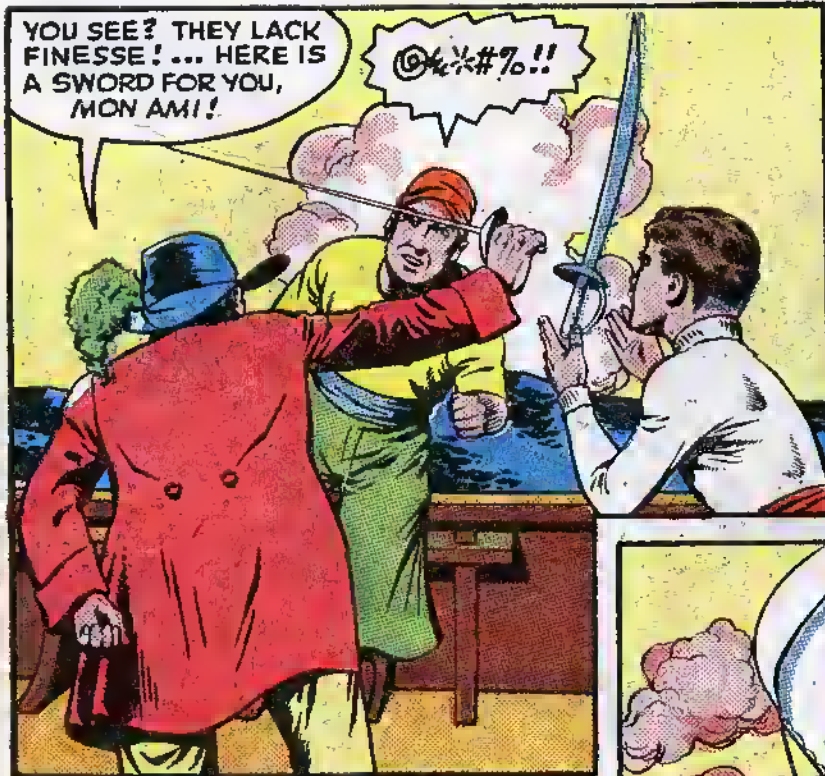


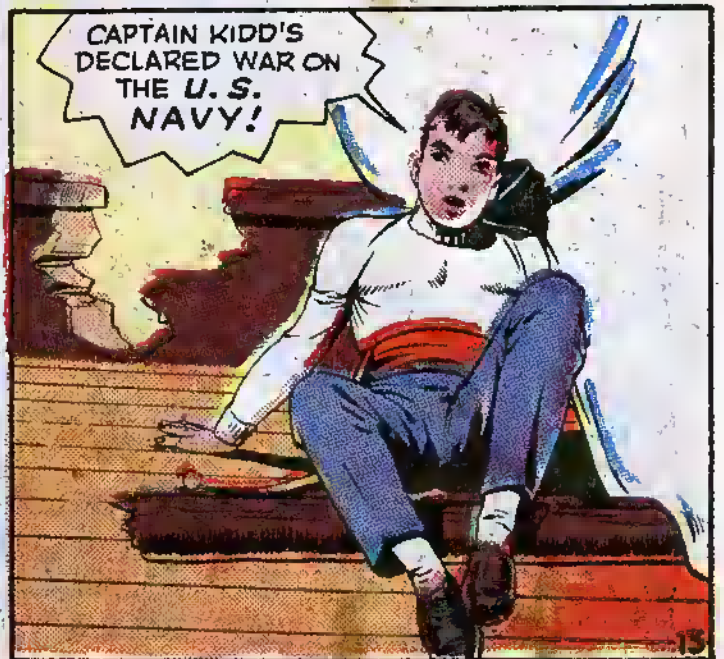
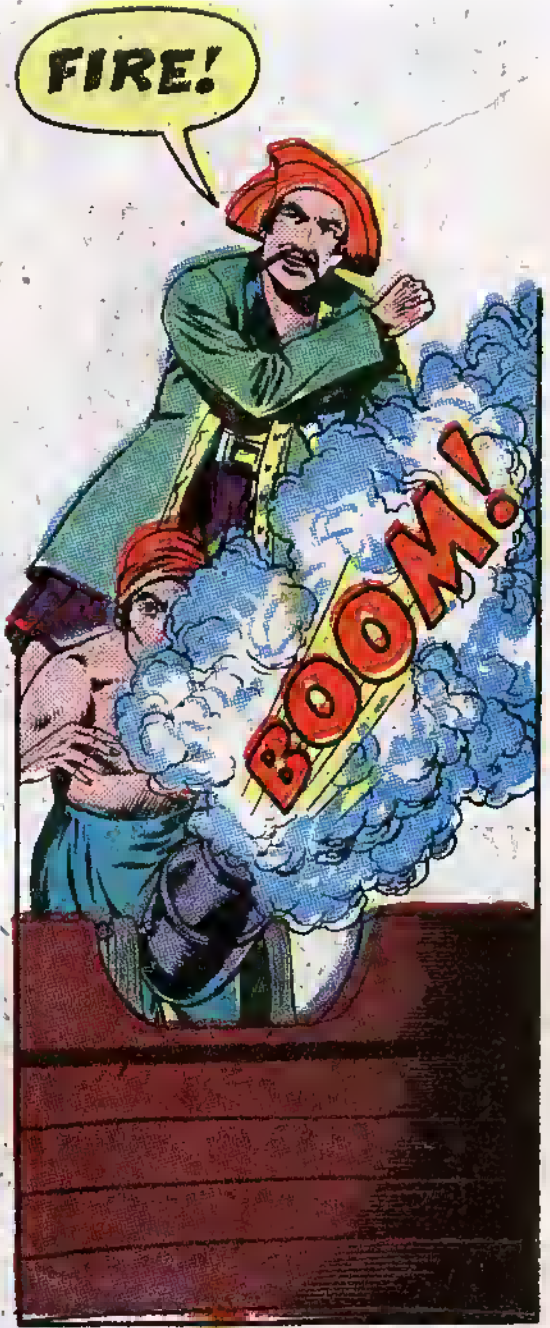
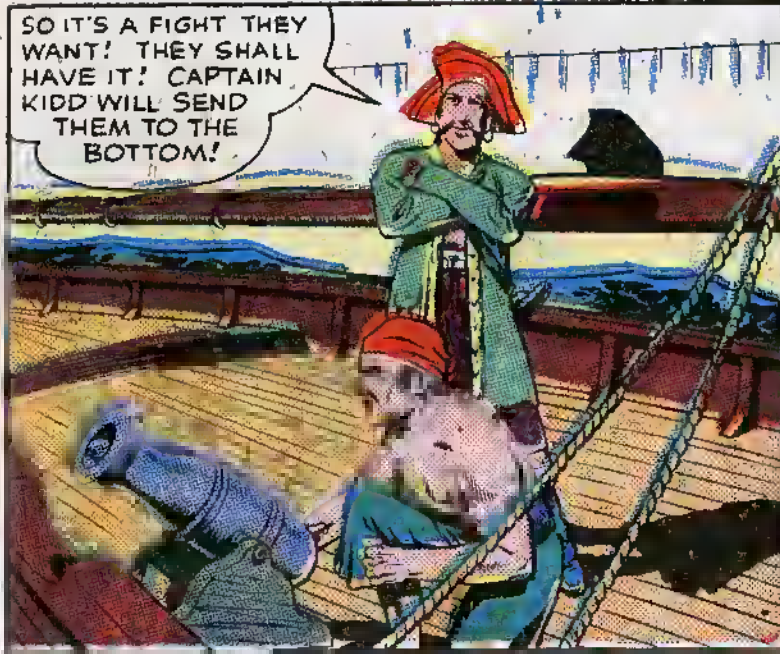
HIT COMICS



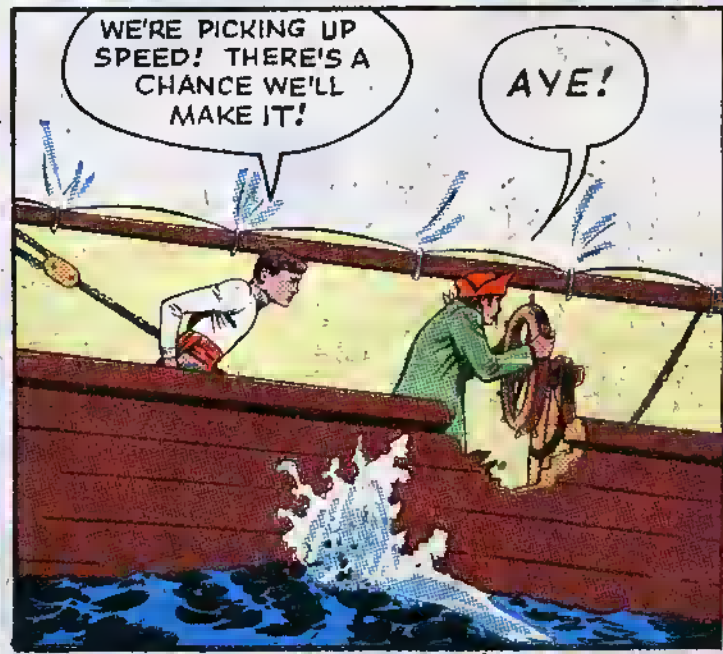
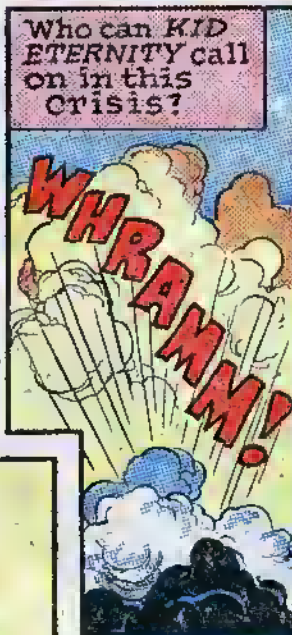
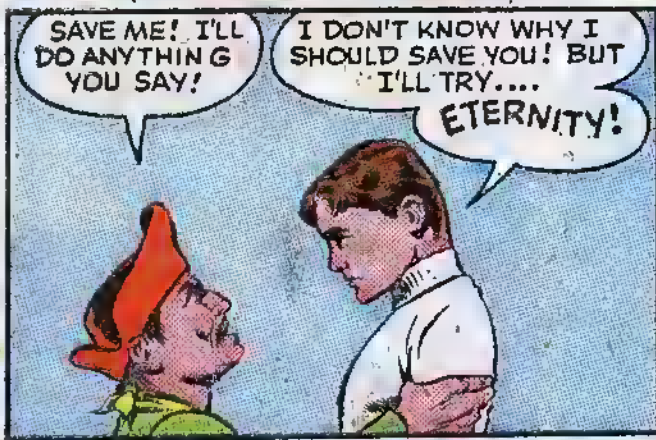
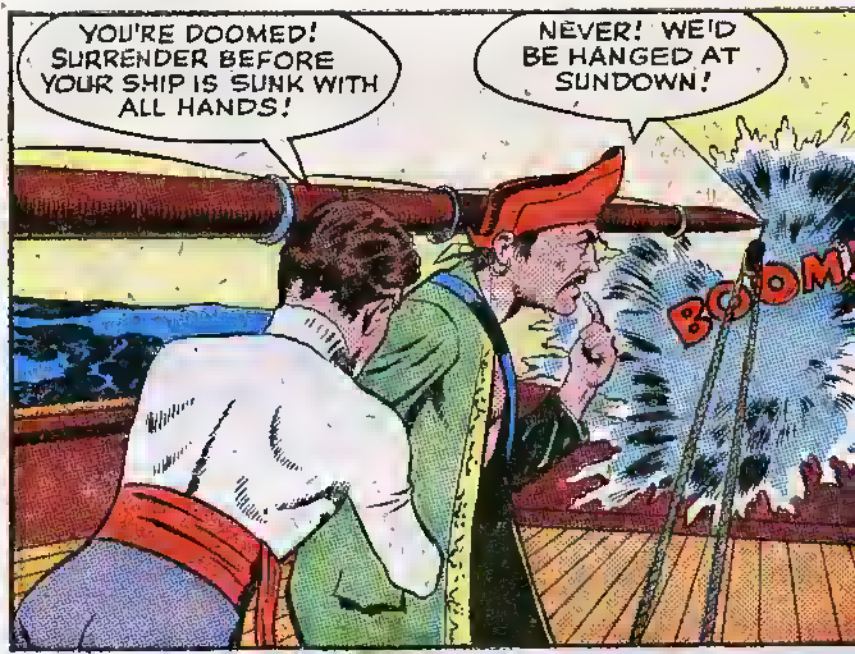


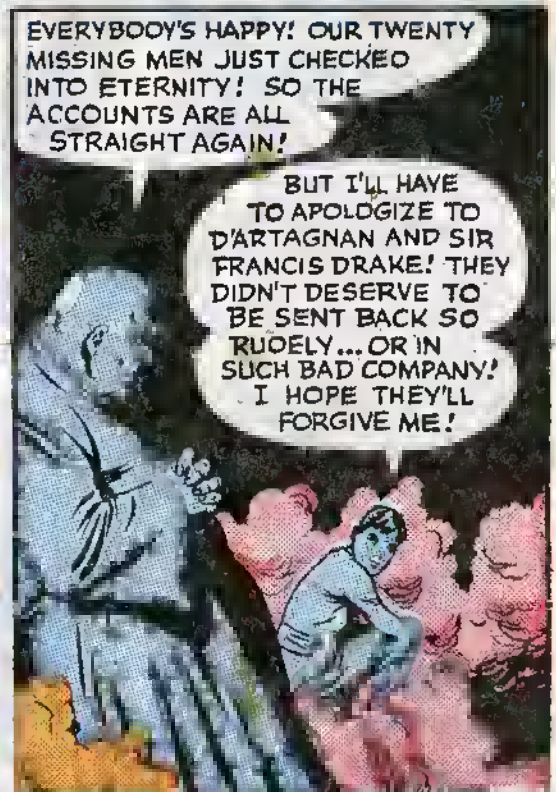
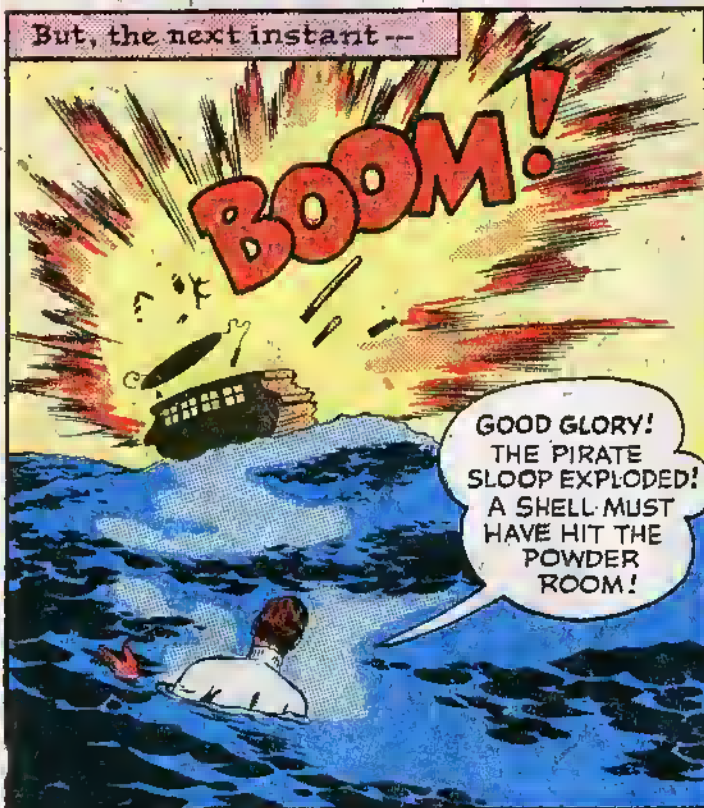
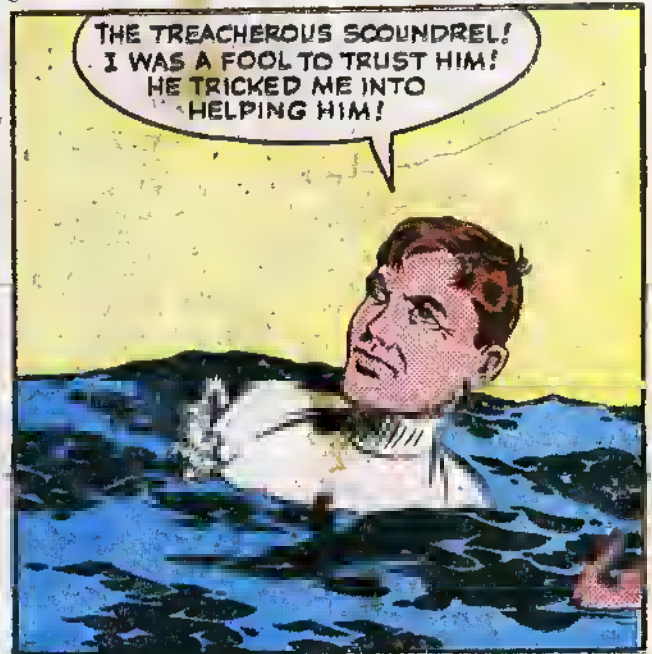
HIT COMICS





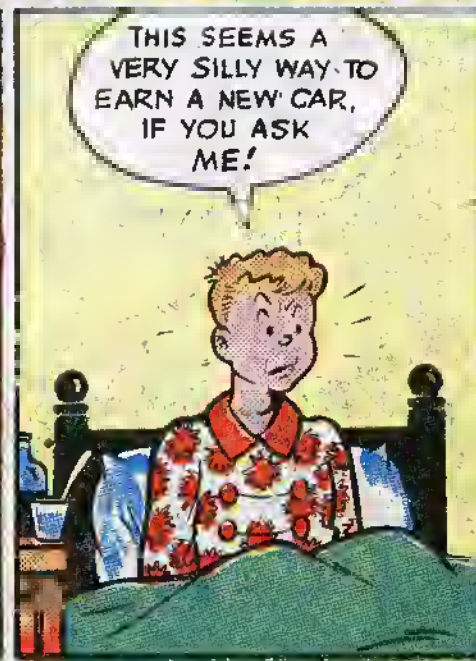
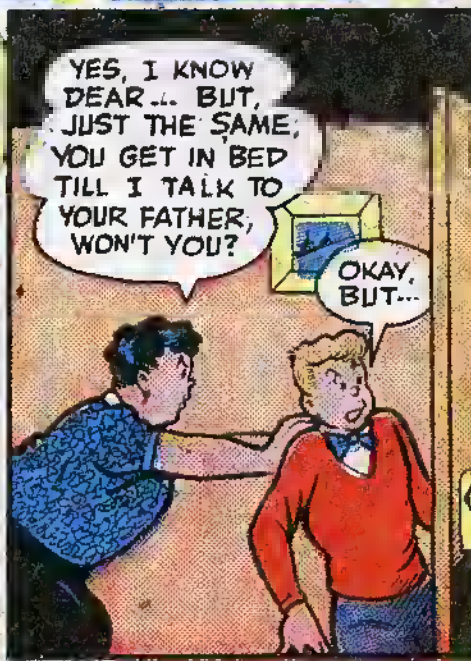
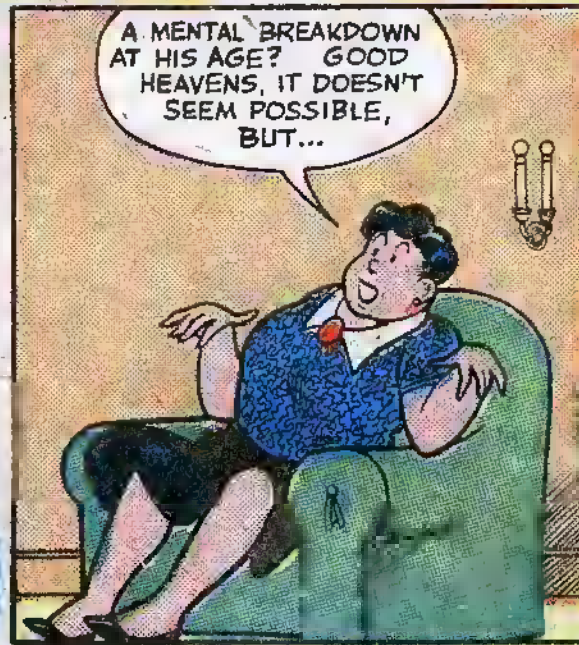
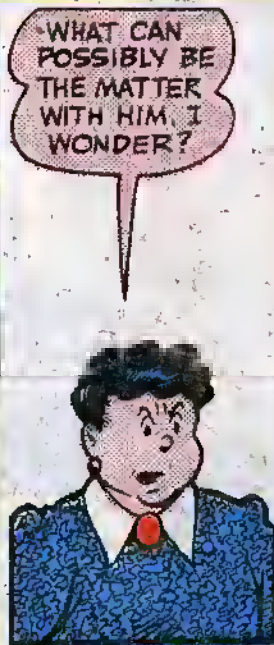
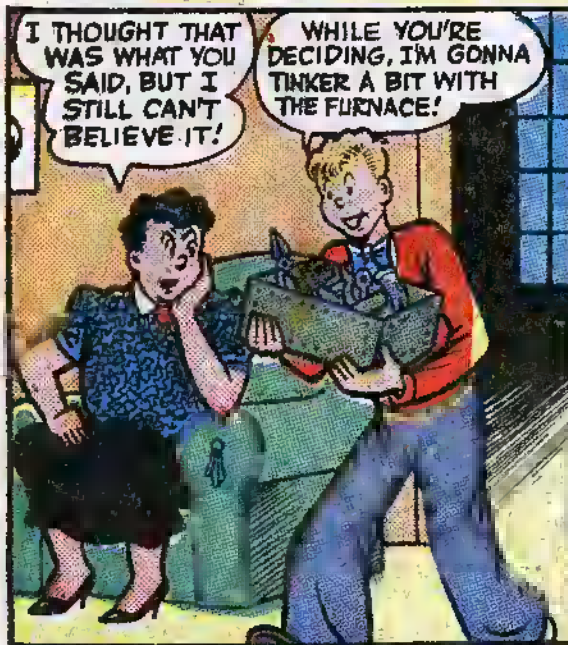
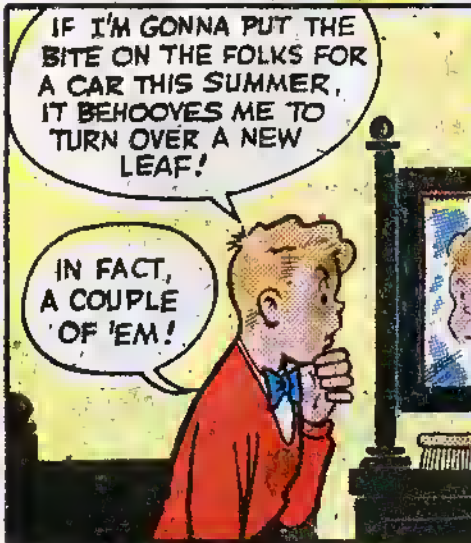
HIT COMICS





HIT COMICS

JONESY



MARMADUKE MOUSE

If there is someone who pesters you,
And you try to avoid him...but fail,
Don't look for advice from a swami
Or, like Louie, you may land in jail!

SWAMI, WILL YOU
READ MY FUTURE
IN THE TEA
LEAVES?

AHA, LOUIE, YOUR
FUTURE LOOKS VERY SOUR!
OH... PARDON ME, I
WAS READING THE
LEMON!

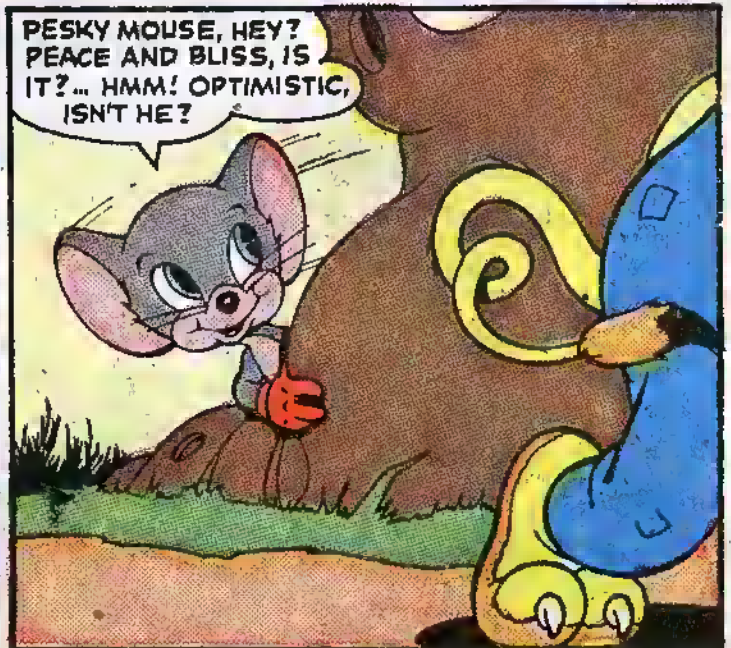
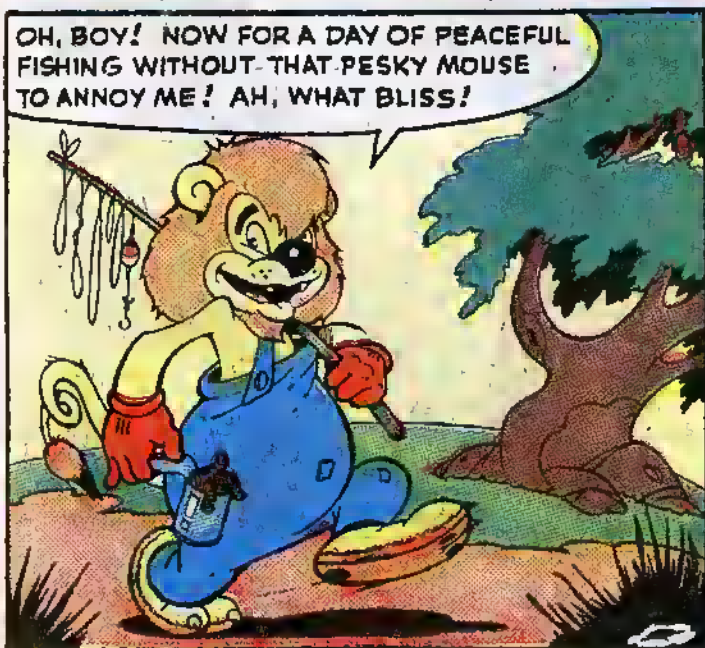
SWAMI
MOUSE
MISFORTUNES
TOLD

TEA BAGS
READ

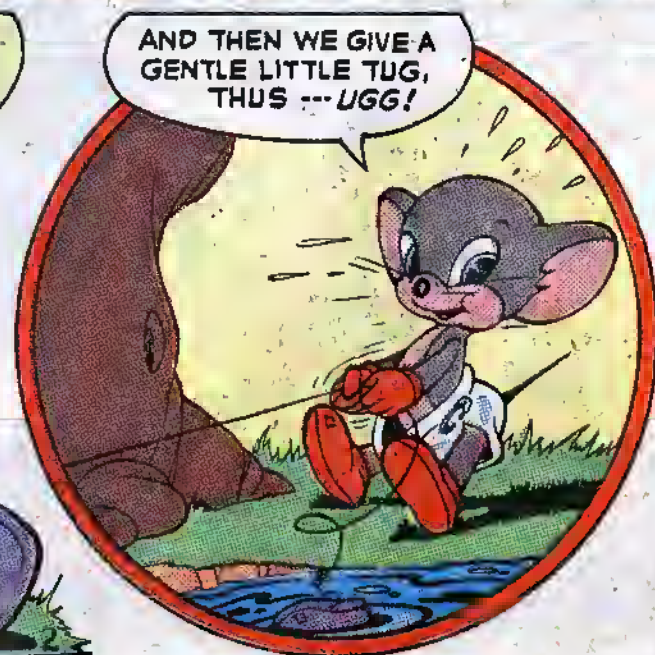
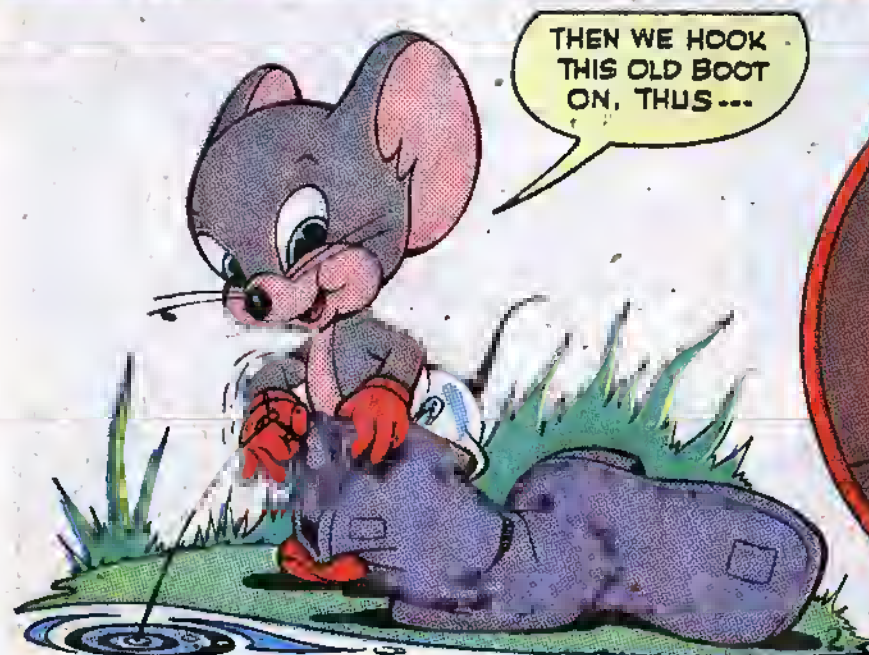
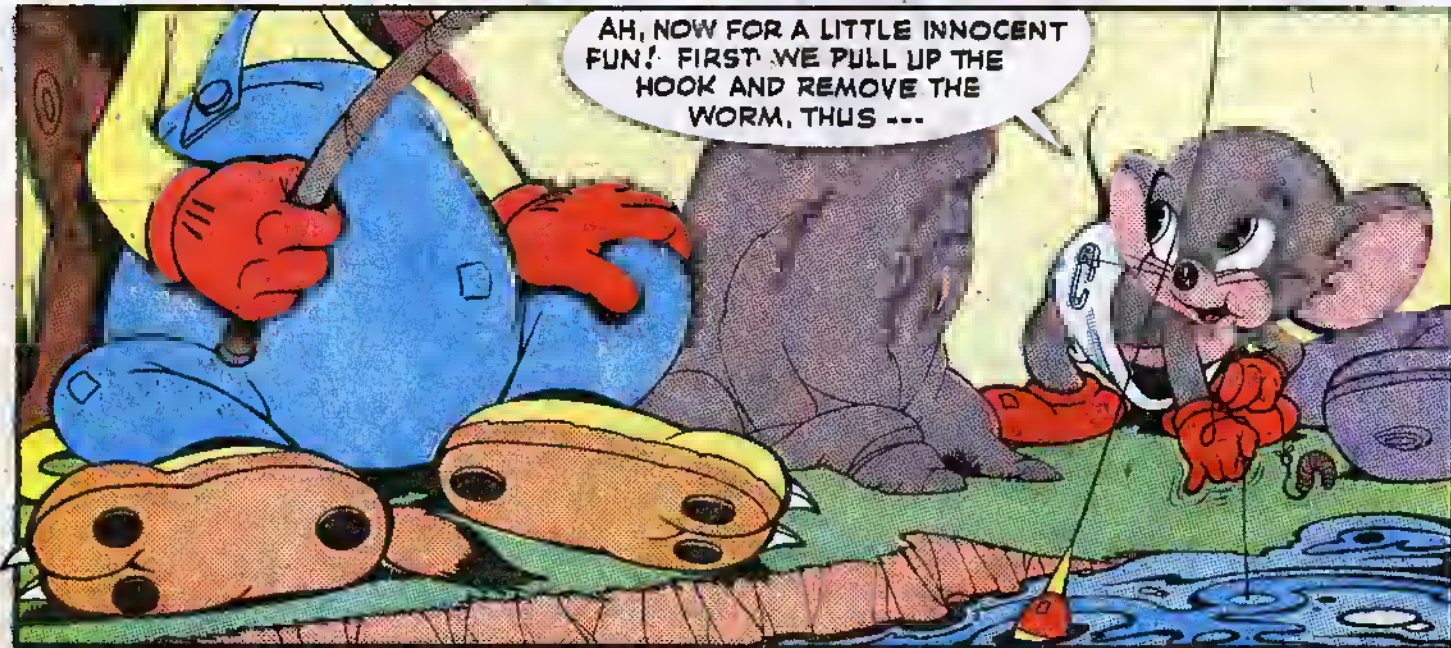
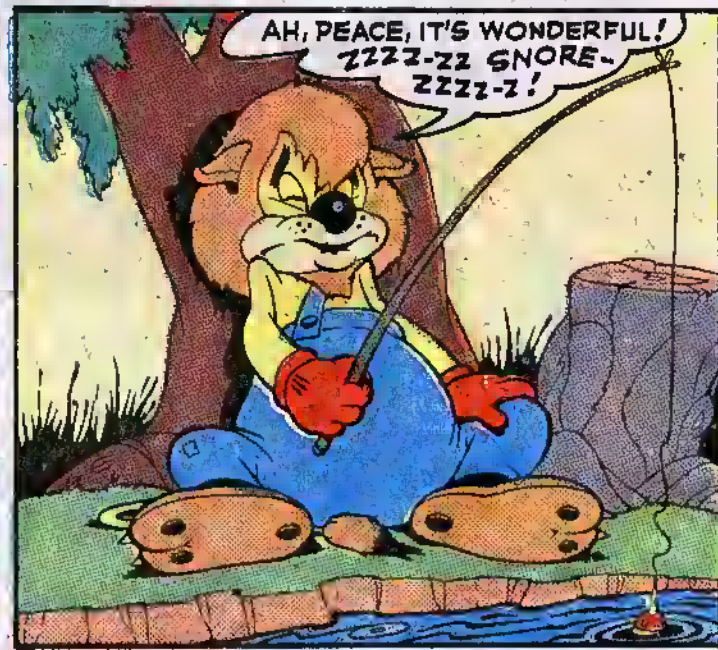
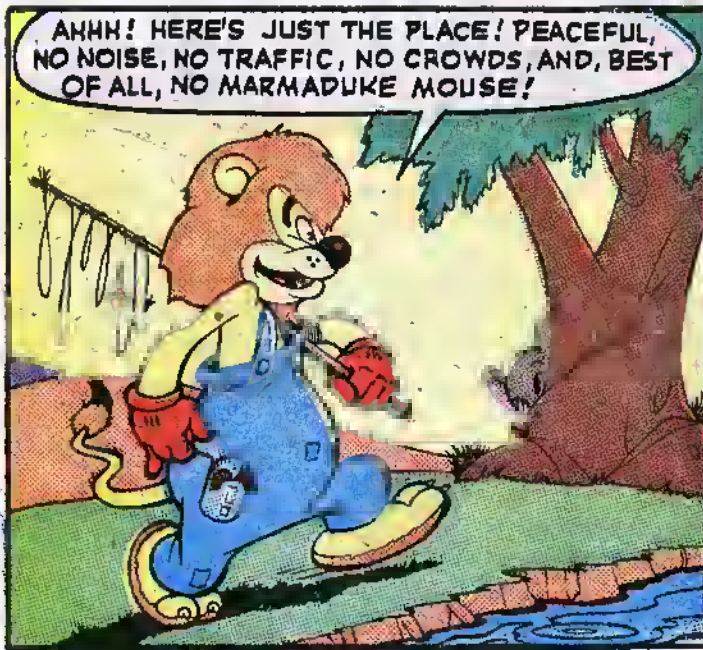
by HARI.

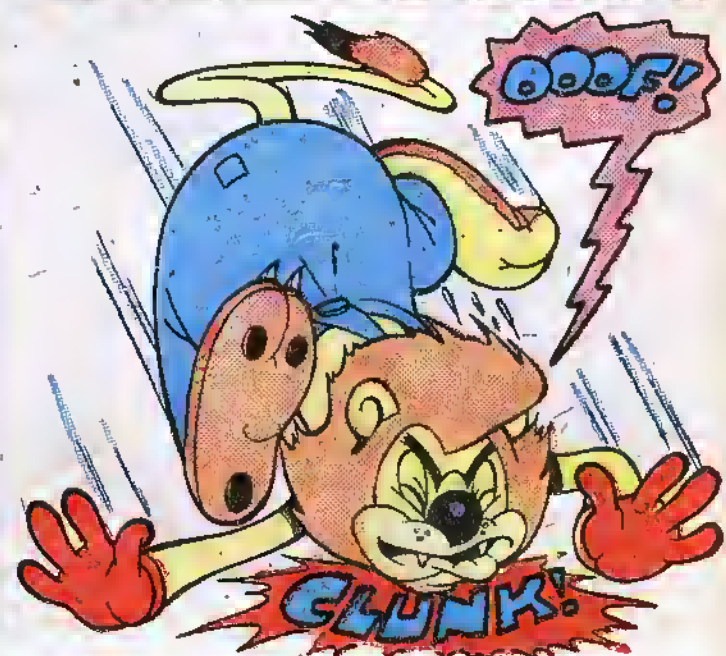
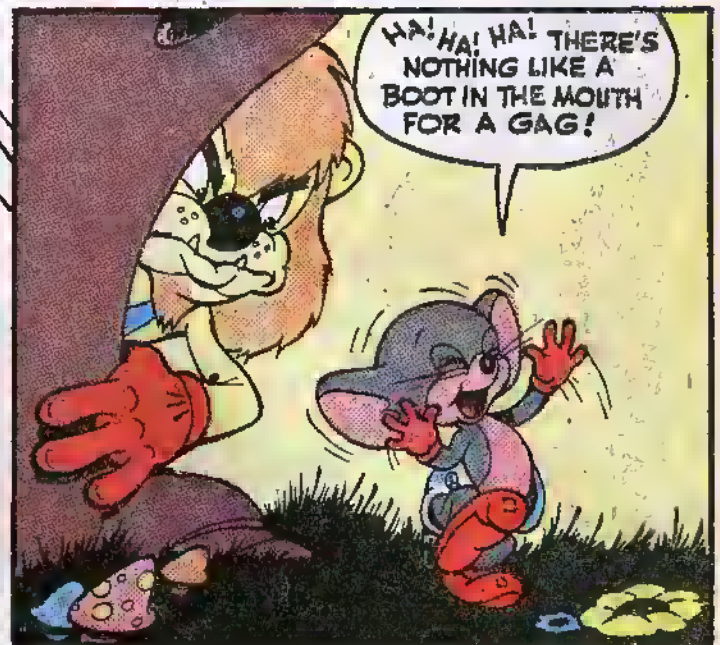
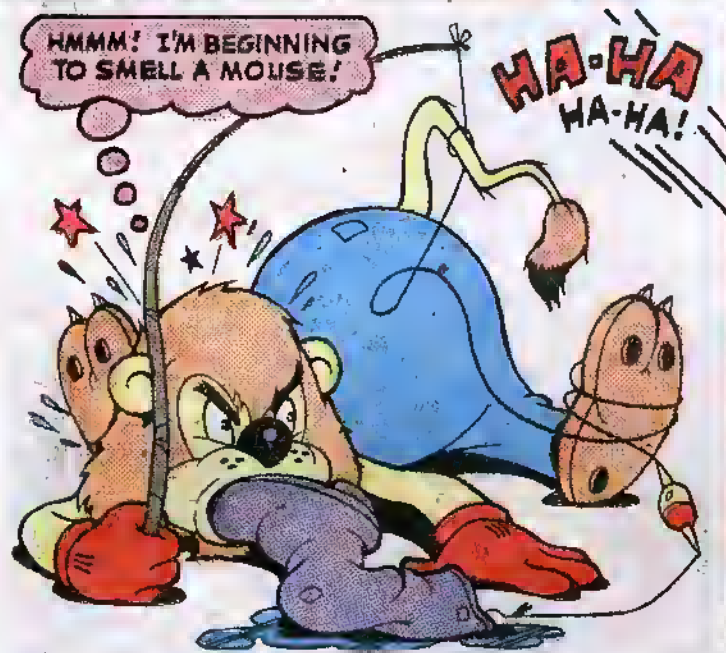
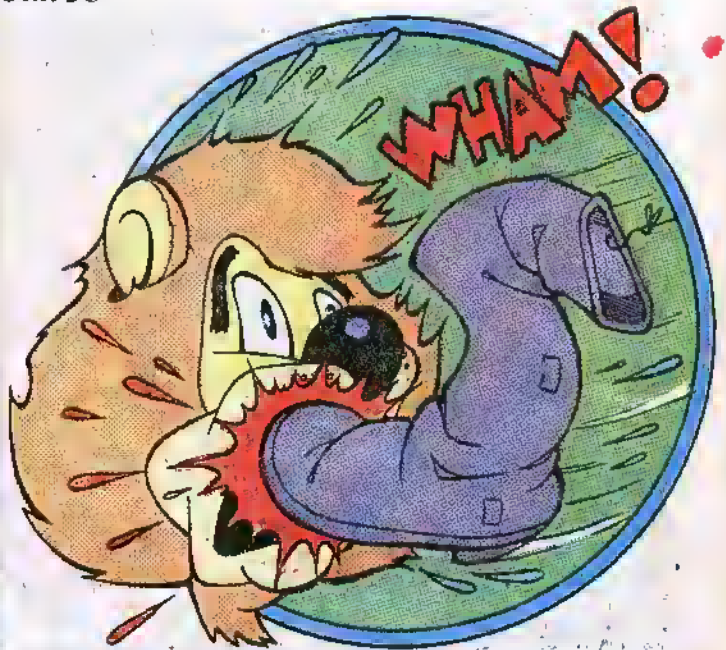
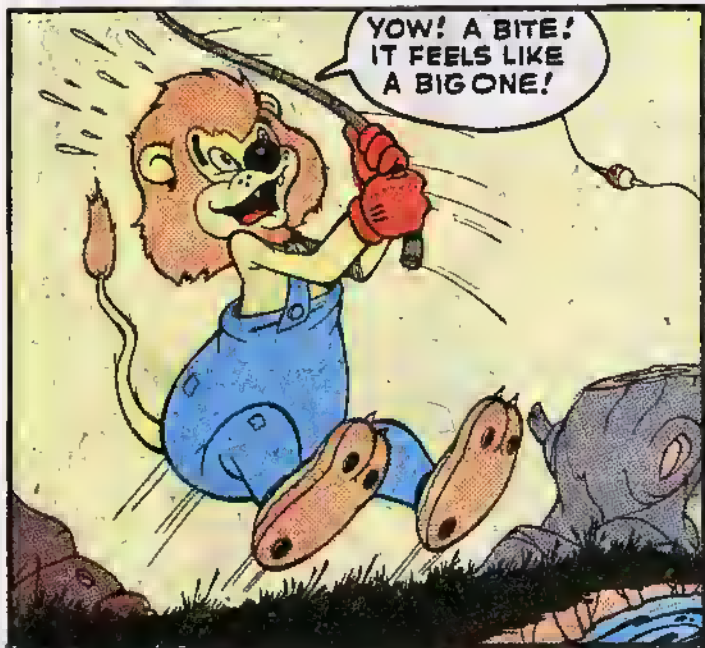
OH, BOY! NOW FOR A DAY OF PEACEFUL
FISHING WITHOUT THAT PESKY MOUSE
TO ANNOY ME! AH, WHAT BLISS!

PESKY MOUSE, HEY?
PEACE AND BLISS, IS
IT?... HMM! OPTIMISTIC,
ISN'T HE?

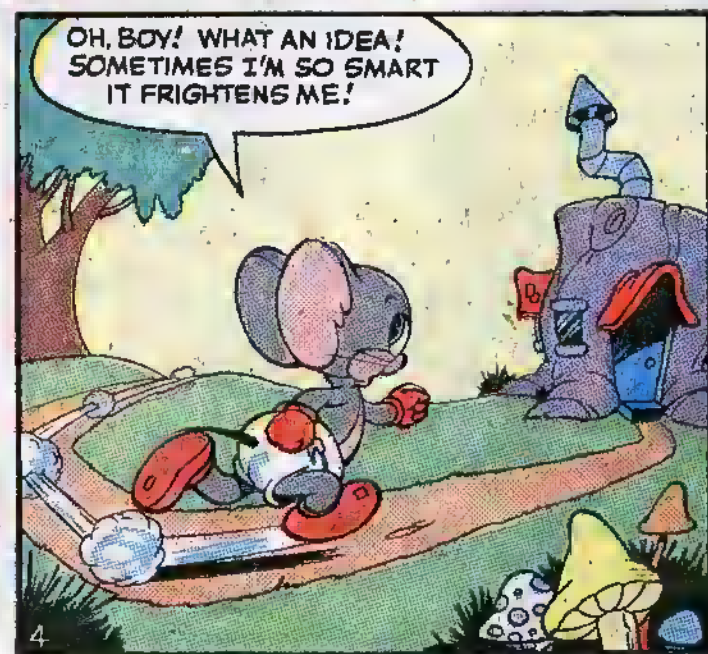
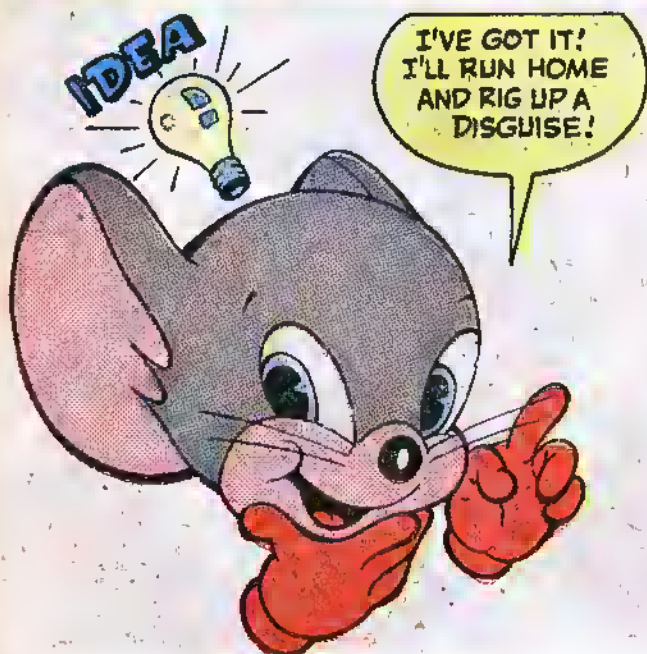
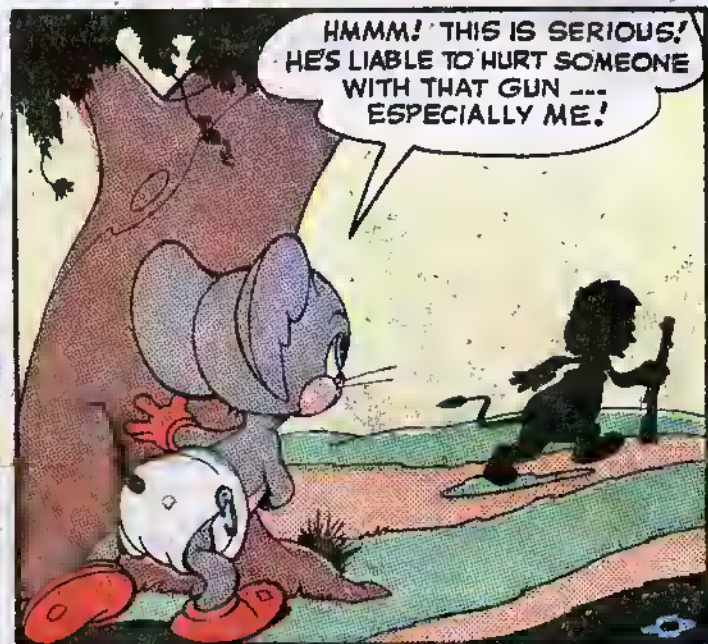
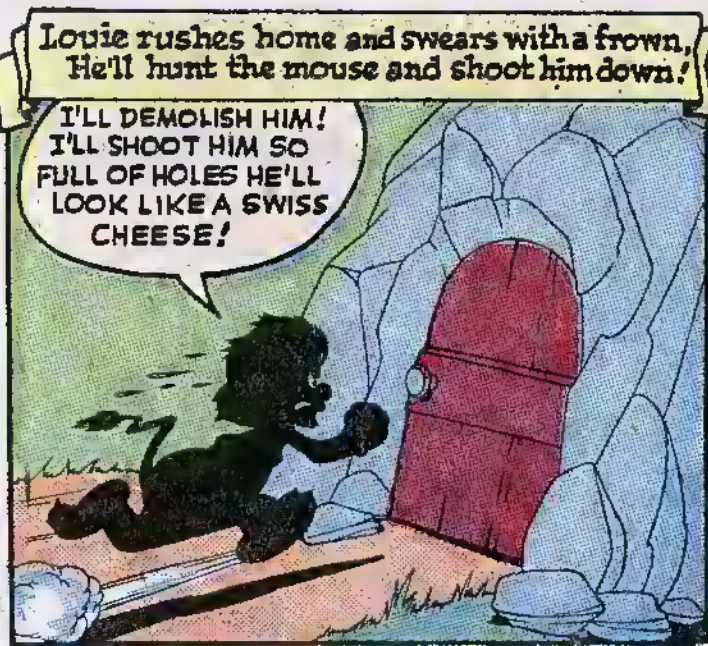


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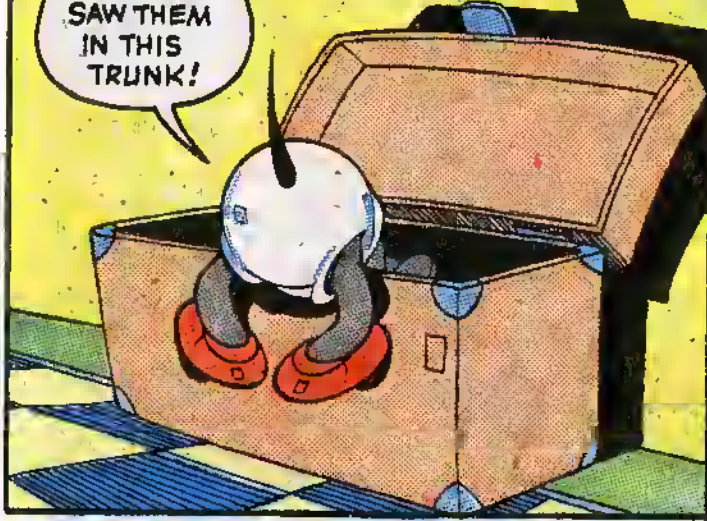
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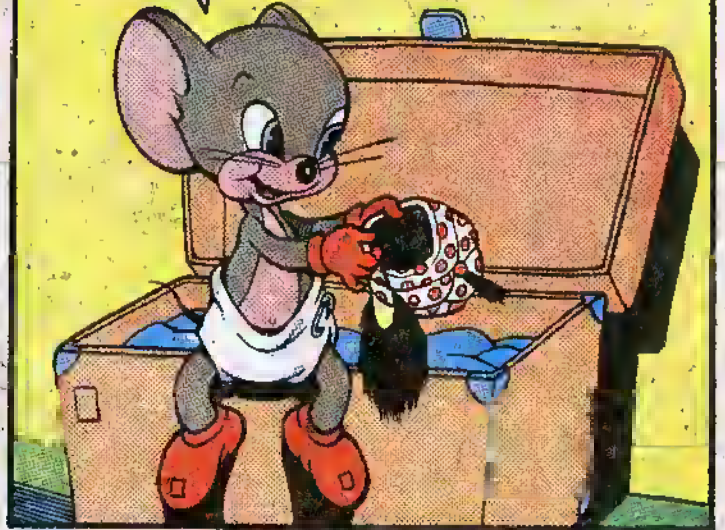
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A rapid search is made by the mouse
As soon as he gets inside the house....

I THINK I
SAW THEM
IN THIS
TRUNK!

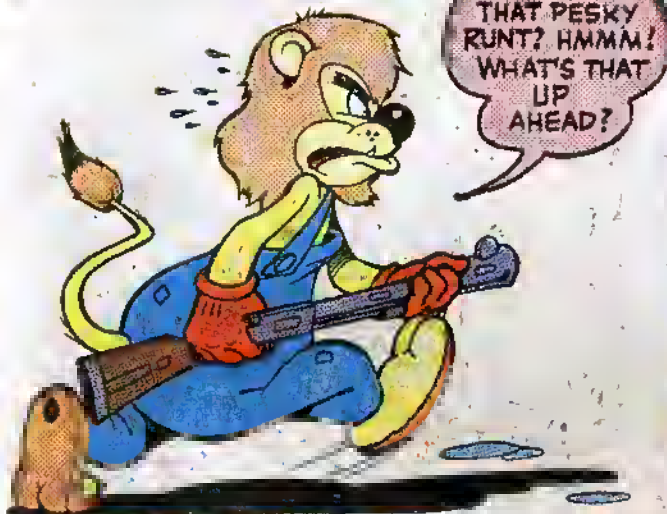


AH, HERE WE ARE, A TURBAN AND FALSE
WHISKERS! NOW I NEED A BOWLING
BALL AND ---



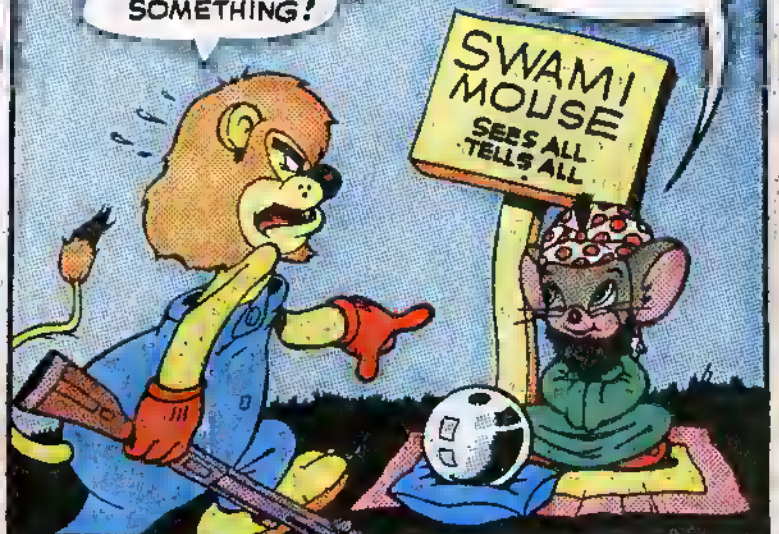
Time passes, and Louie's still on the hunt,
To fulfill his vow to shoot the runt....

WHERE'S
THAT PESKY
RUNT? HMMM!
WHAT'S THAT
UP
AHEAD?



A FORTUNE TELLER,
HEY? WELL, MAYBE YOU
CAN TELL ME
SOMETHING!

FOR FIVE DOLLAR
I TELL YOU
ANYTHING!

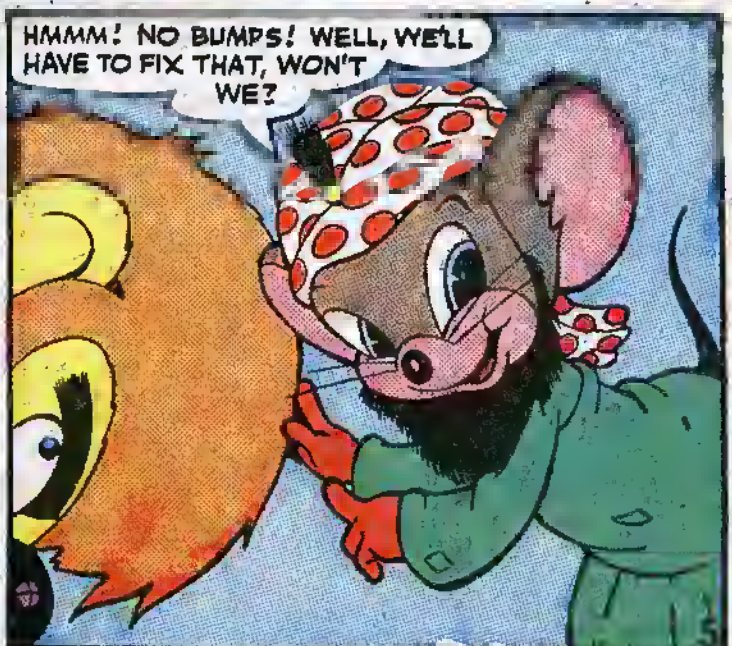


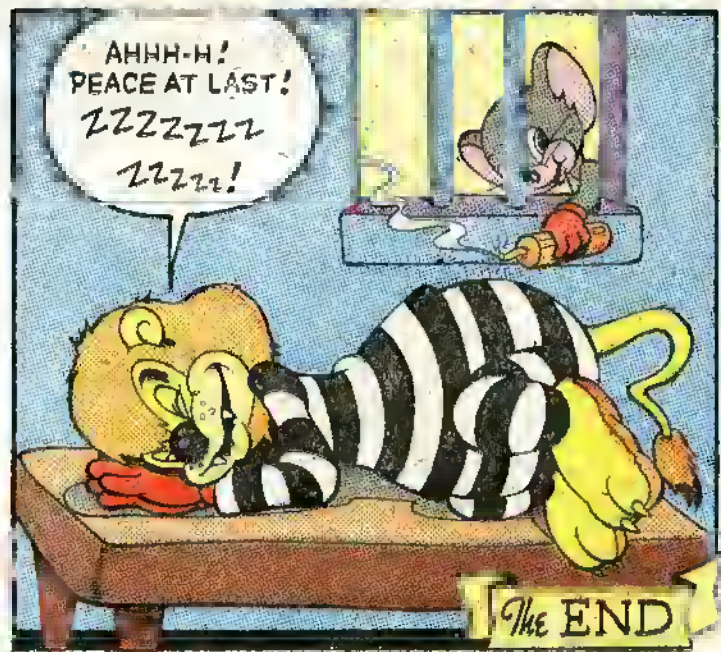
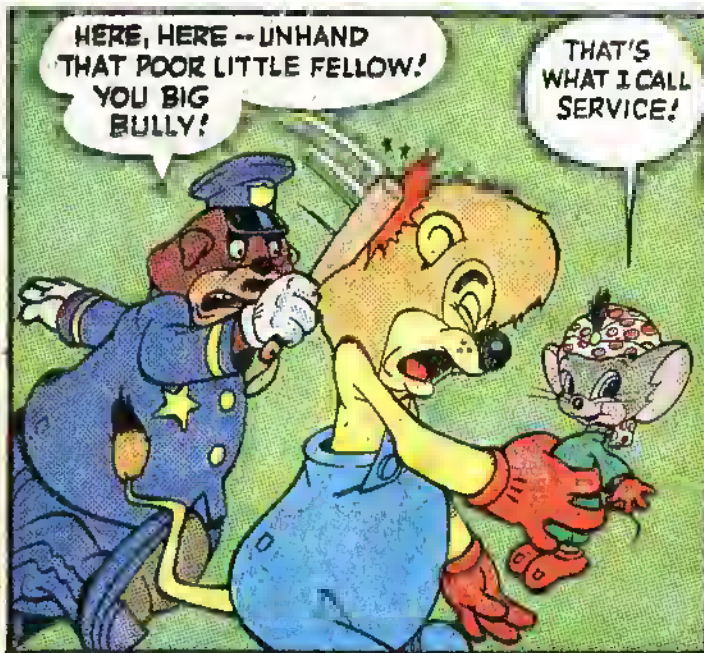
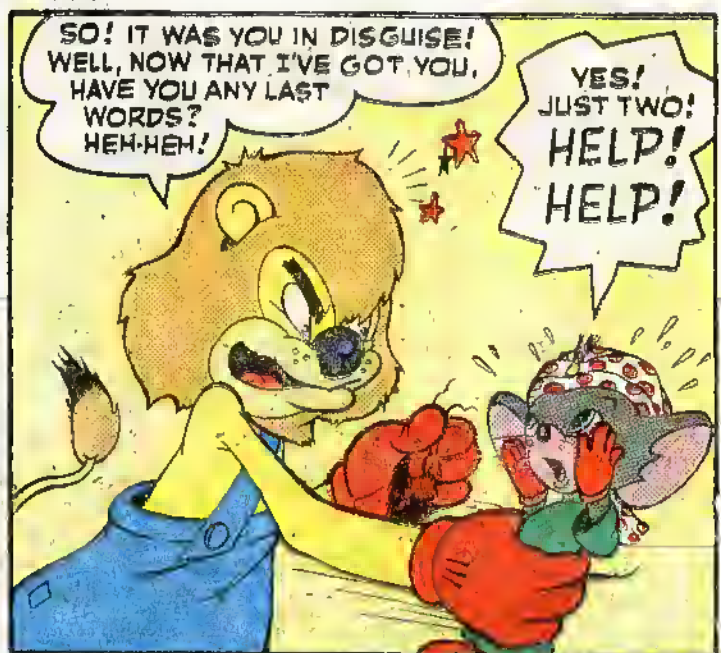
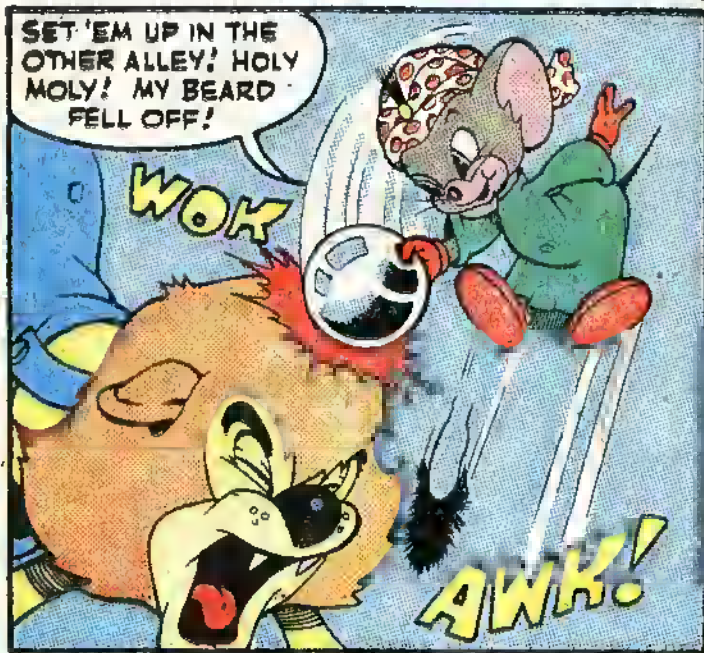
OKAY! TELL ME WHERE I CAN
FIND THAT LITTLE TWERP,
MARMADUKE MOUSE!

ME TELL BY
READING BUMPS
ON HEAD! PLEASE
TO BEND
HEAD!

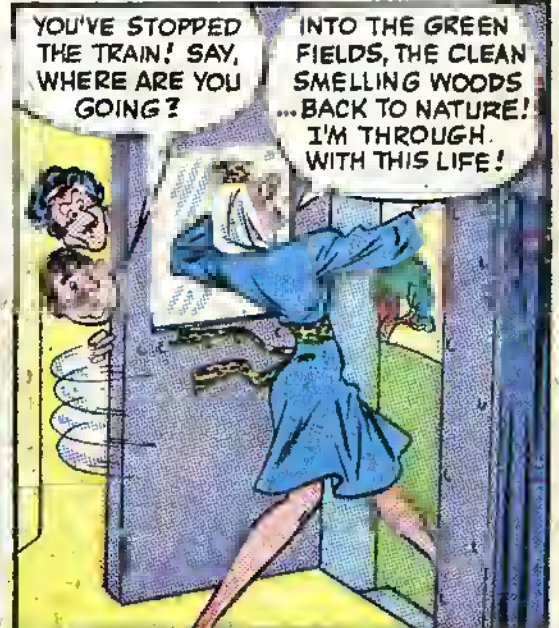
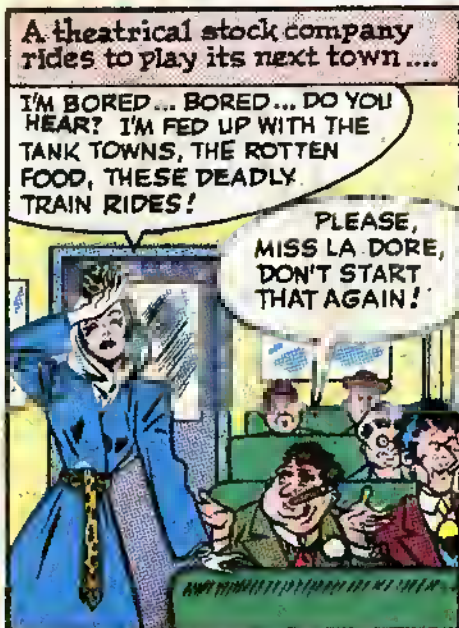


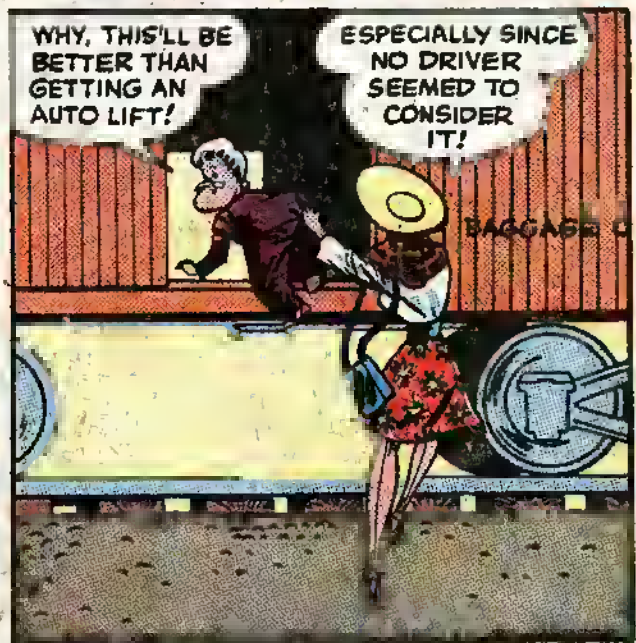
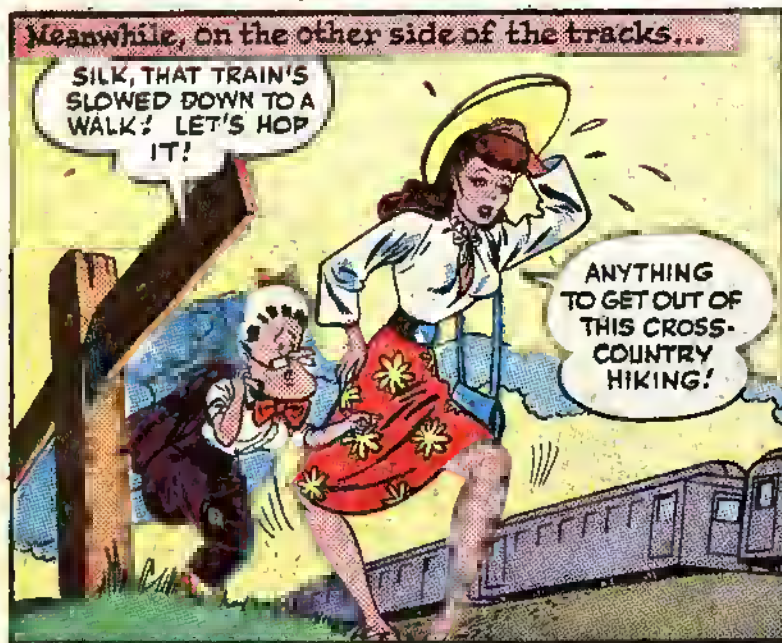
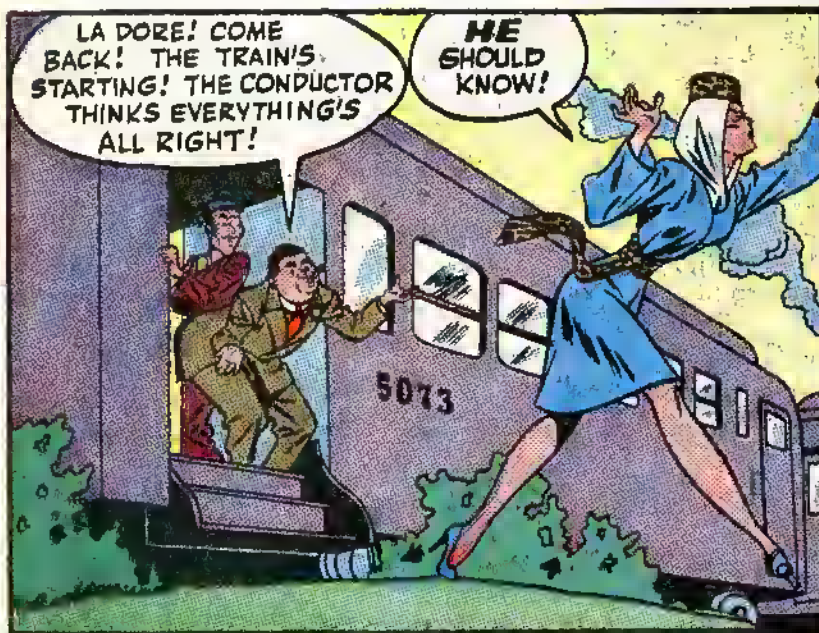
HMMM! NO BUMPS! WELL, WE'LL
HAVE TO FIX THAT, WON'T
WE?



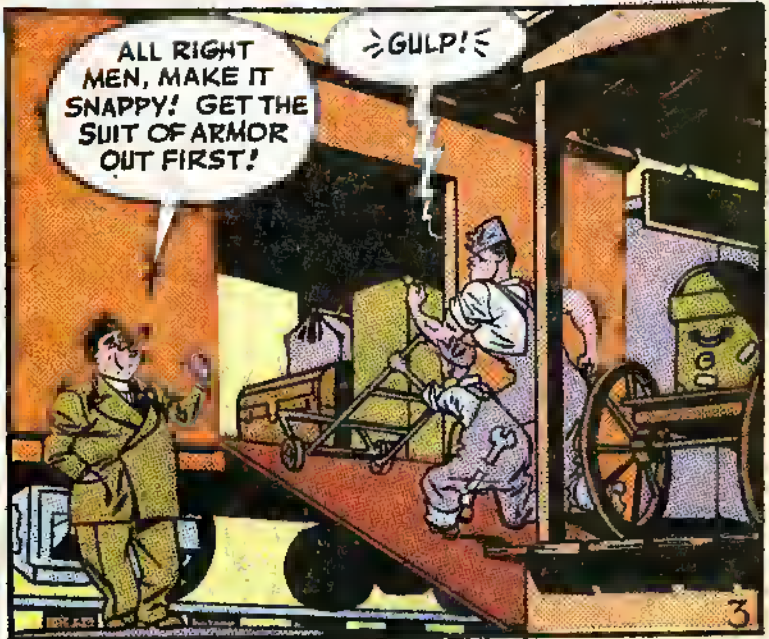
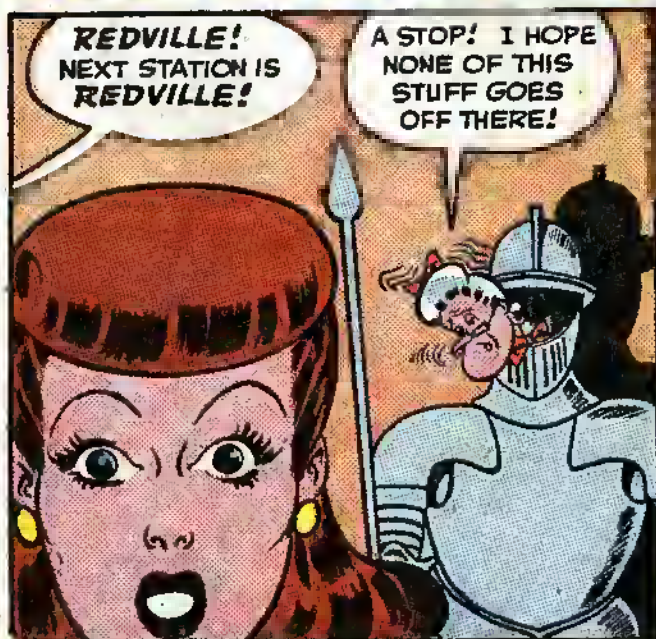
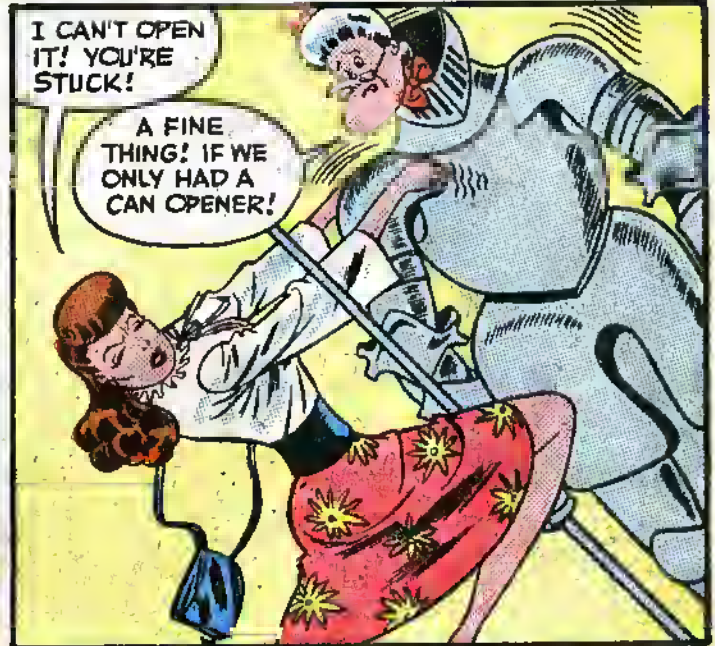
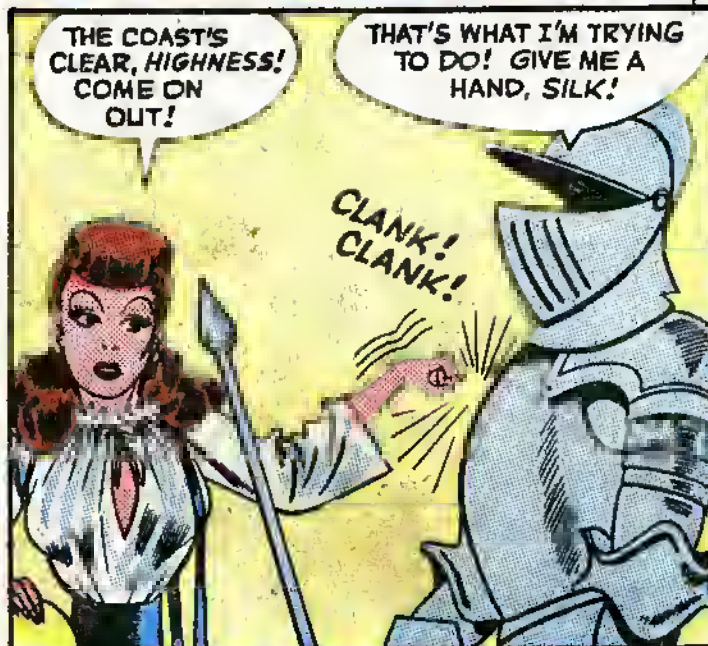
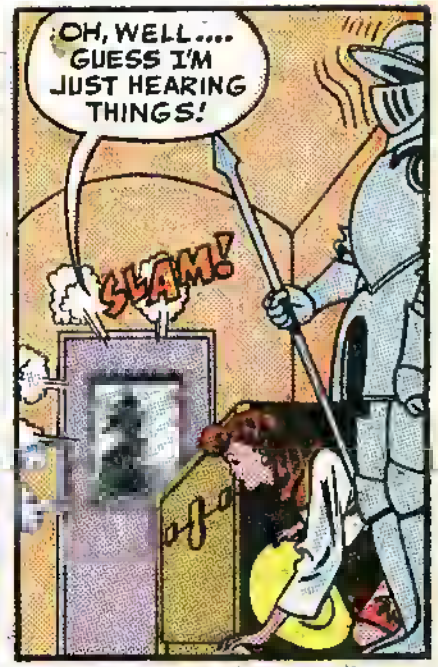
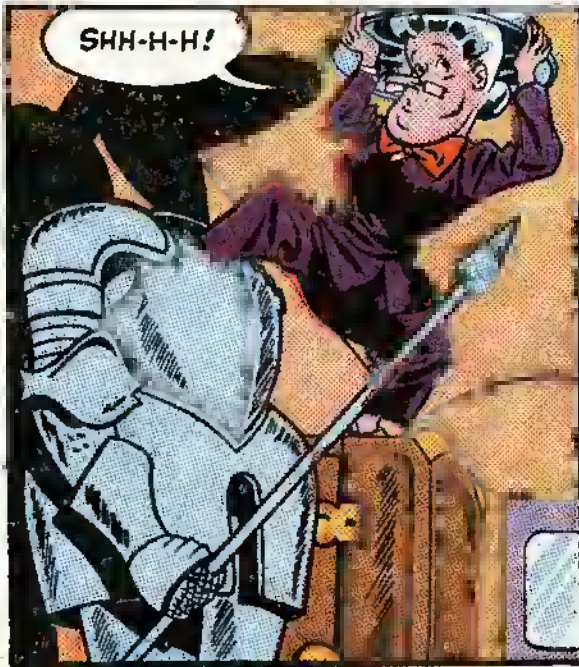


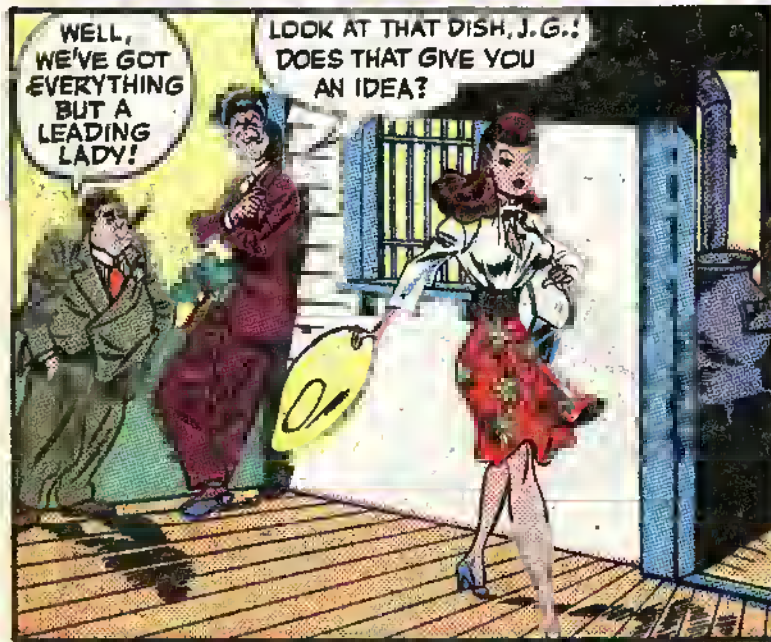
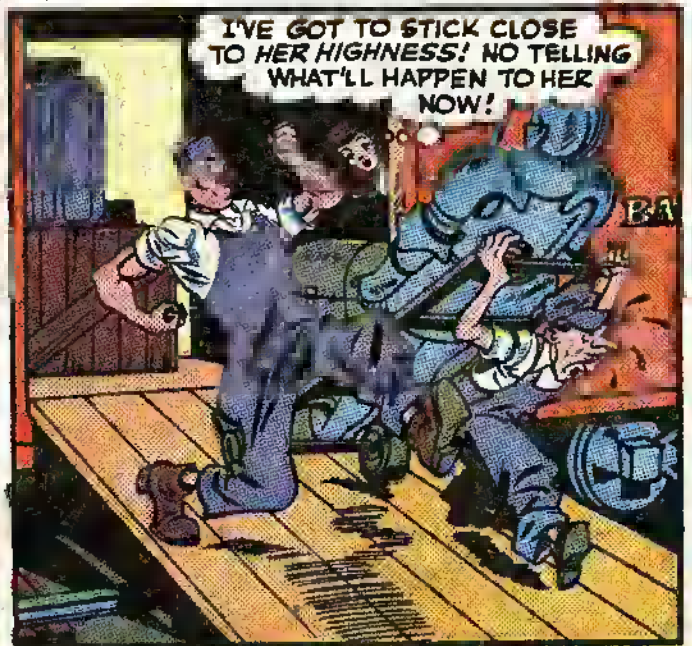
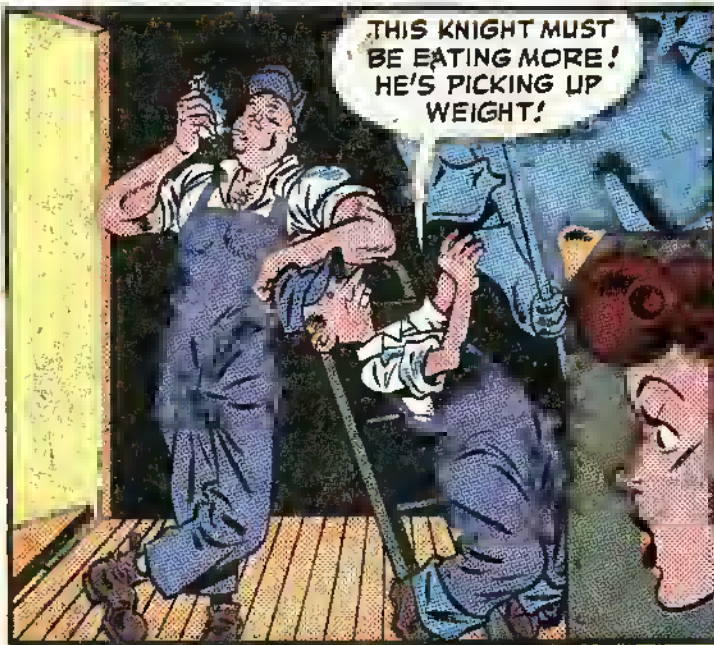
Her HIGHNESS

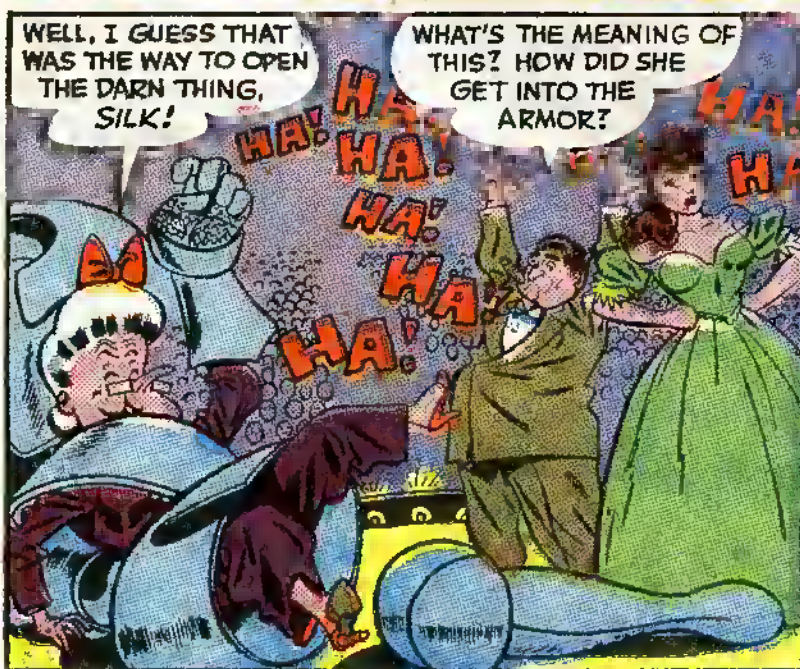
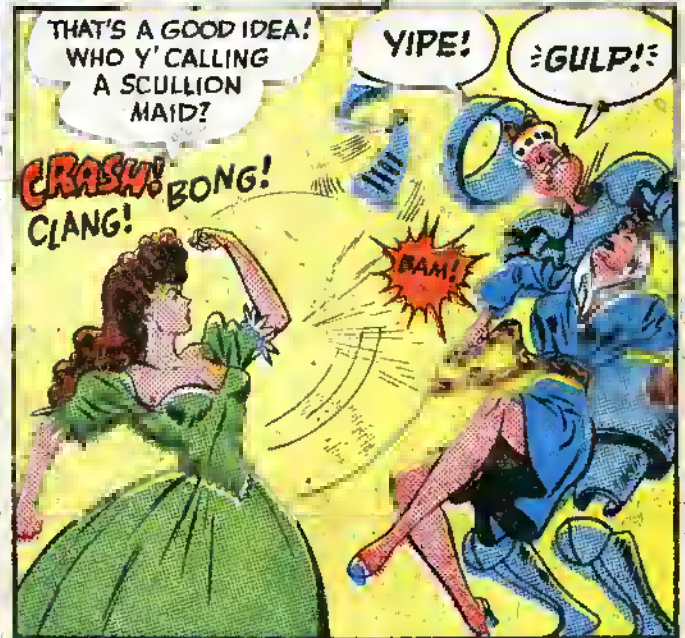
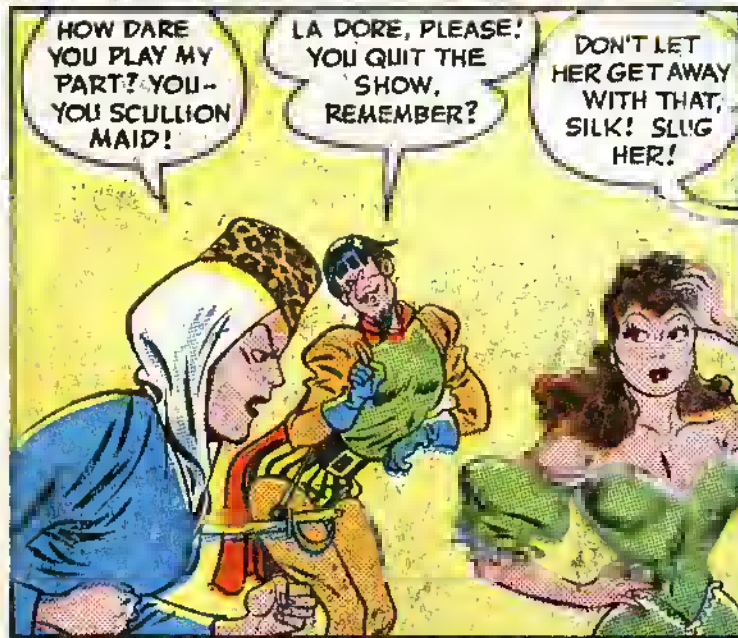
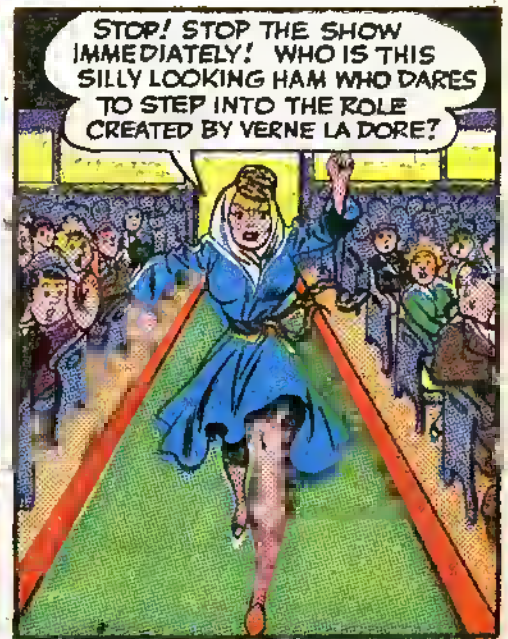
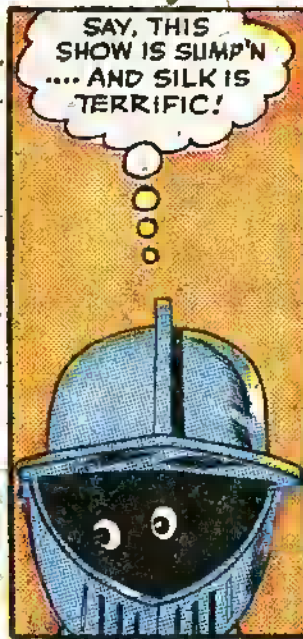
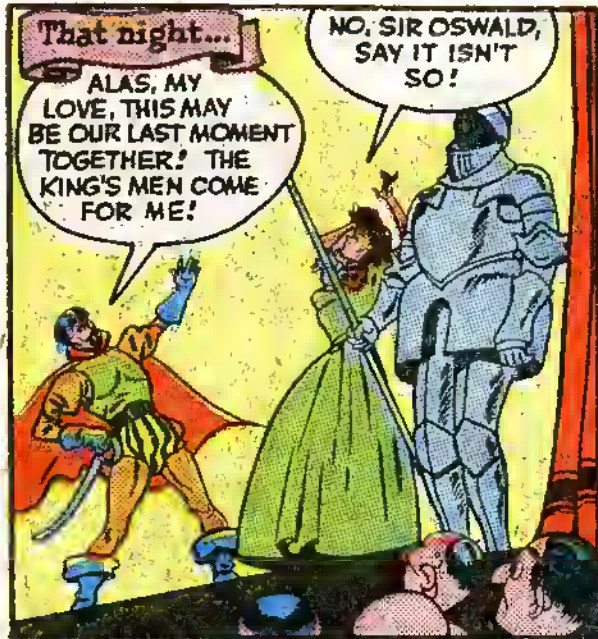




HIT COMICS





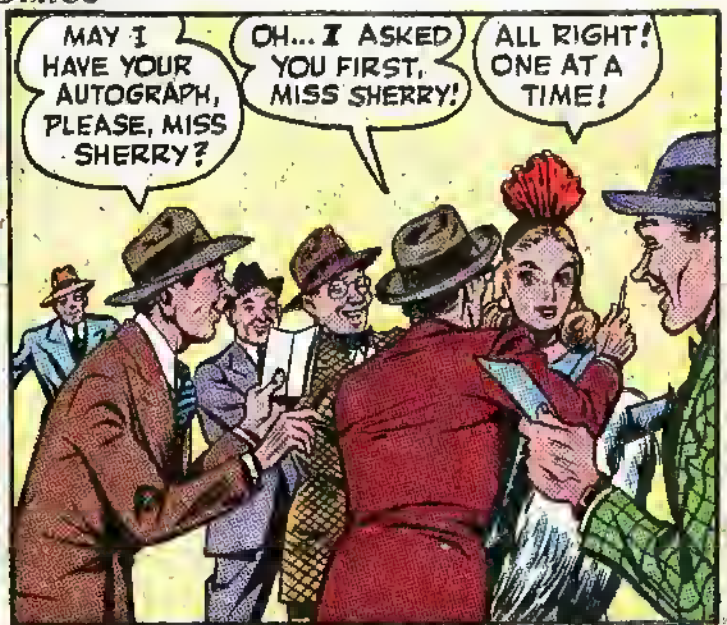
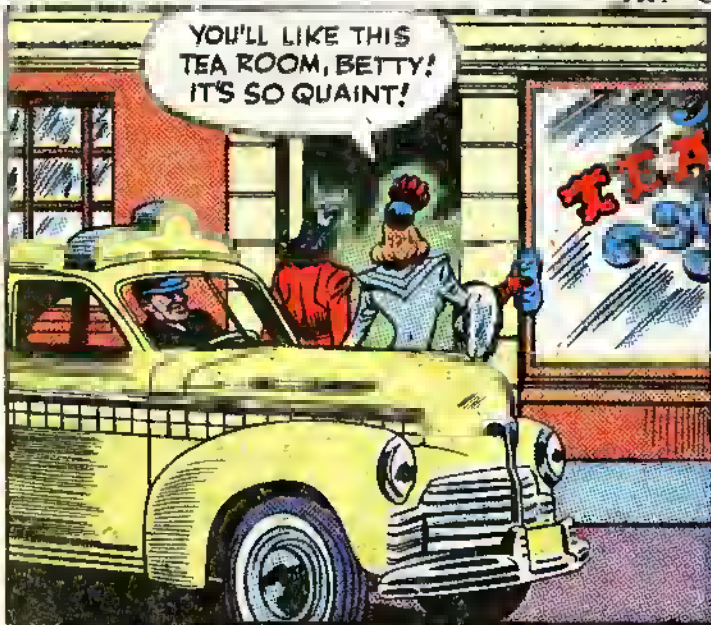


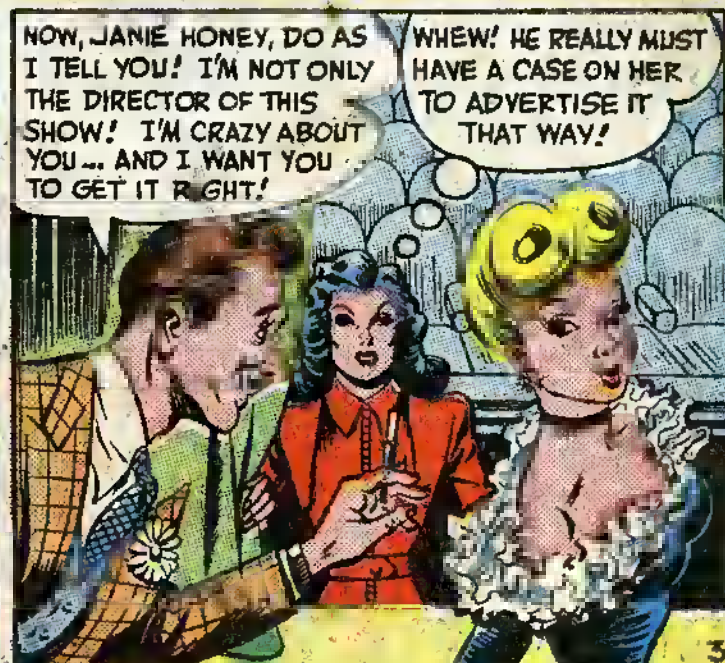
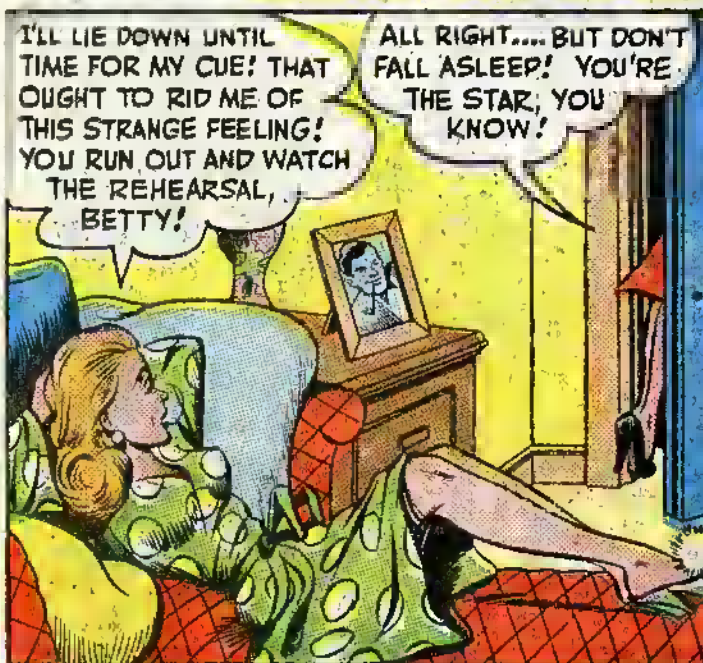
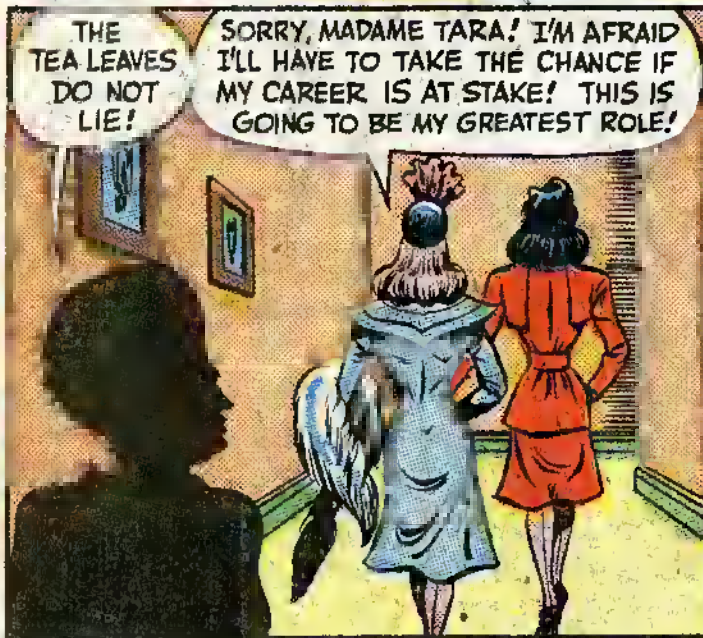
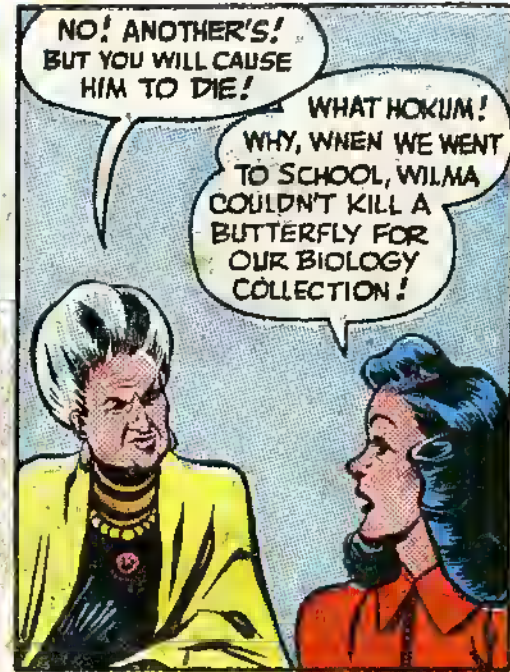
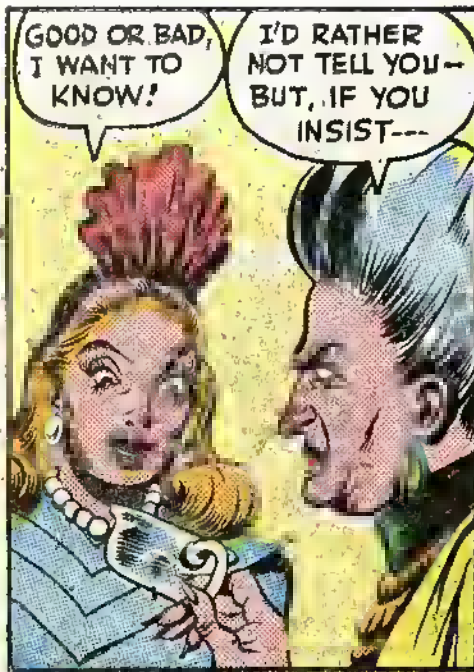
BETTY BATES

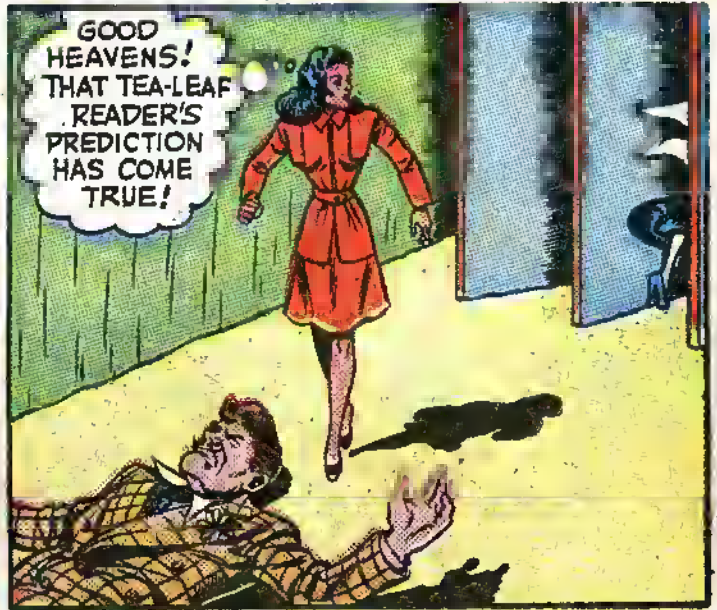
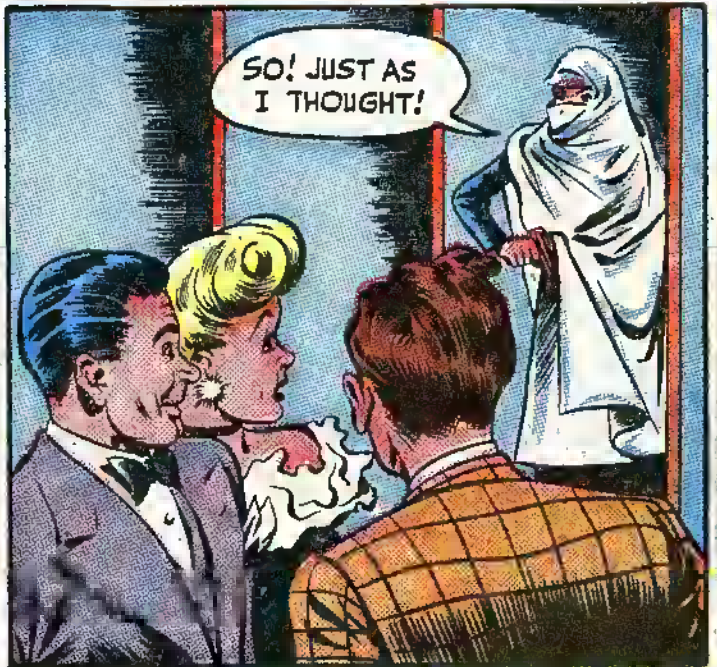
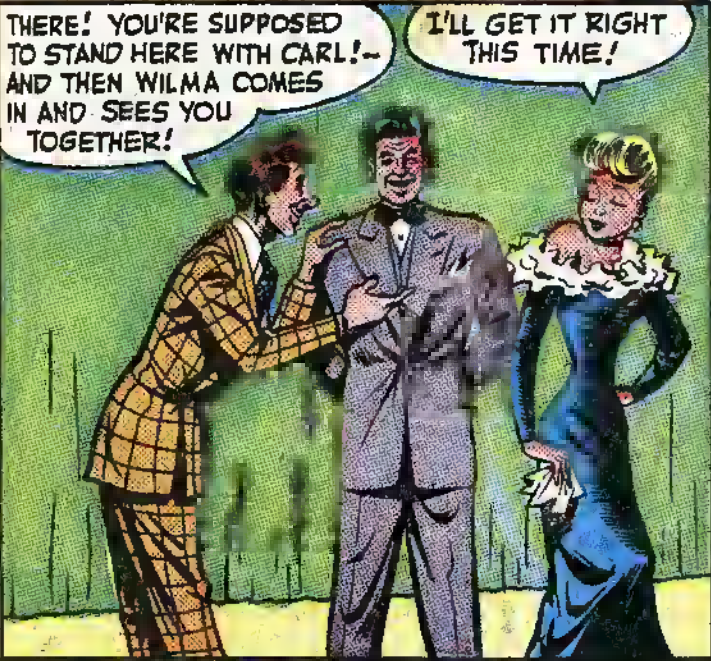


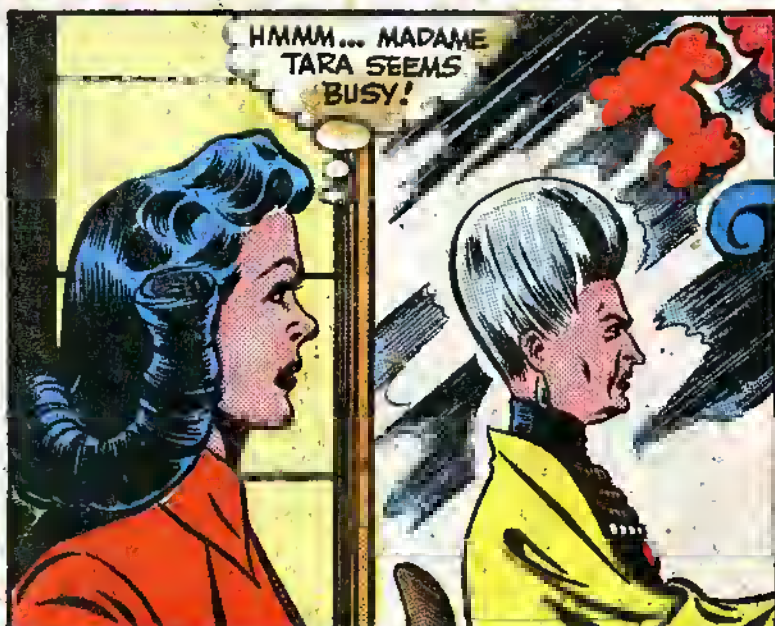
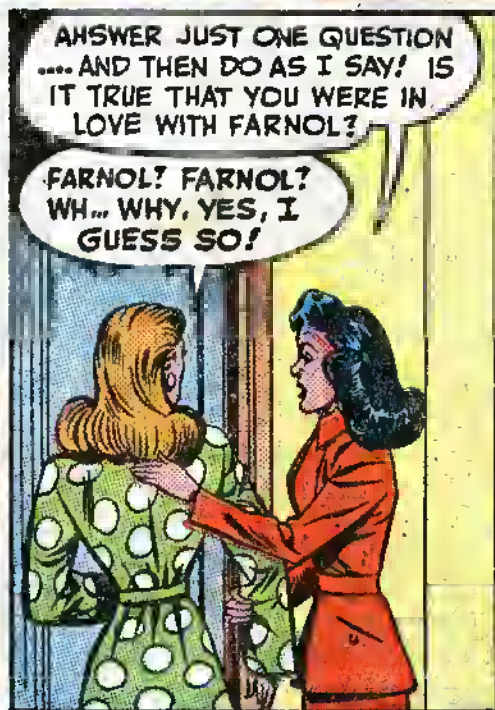
THE TEA LEAVES showed murder and the mysterious-eyed fortune teller spoke of SUDDEN DEATH but Betty Bates was not impressed! That is ... not until a gun actually barked and the dire predictions became terrible realities!

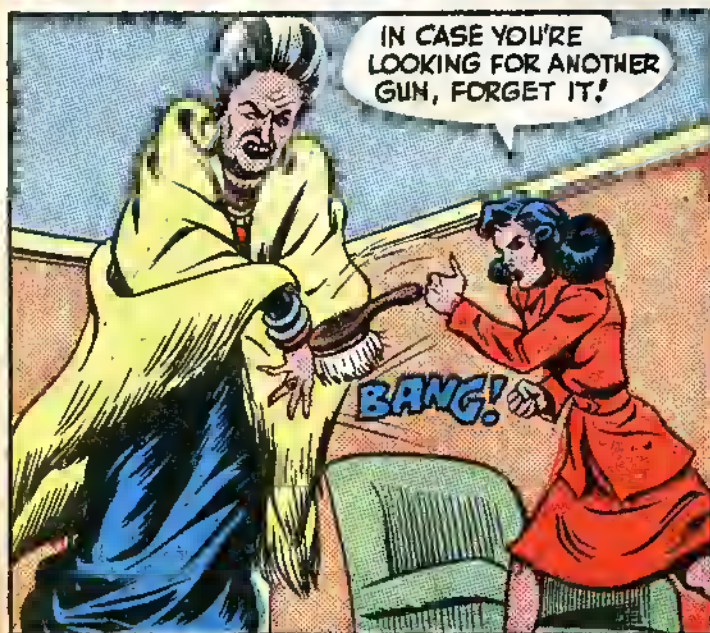
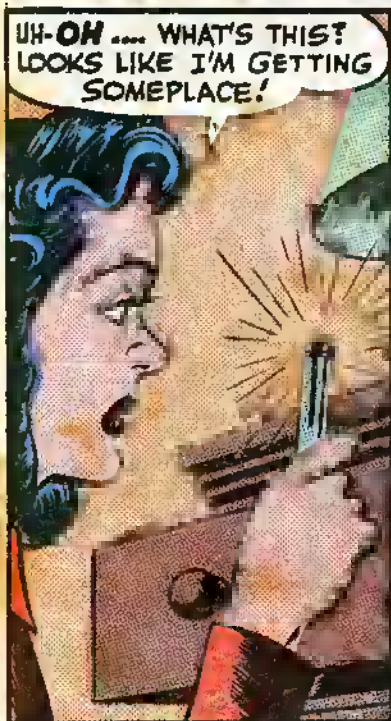
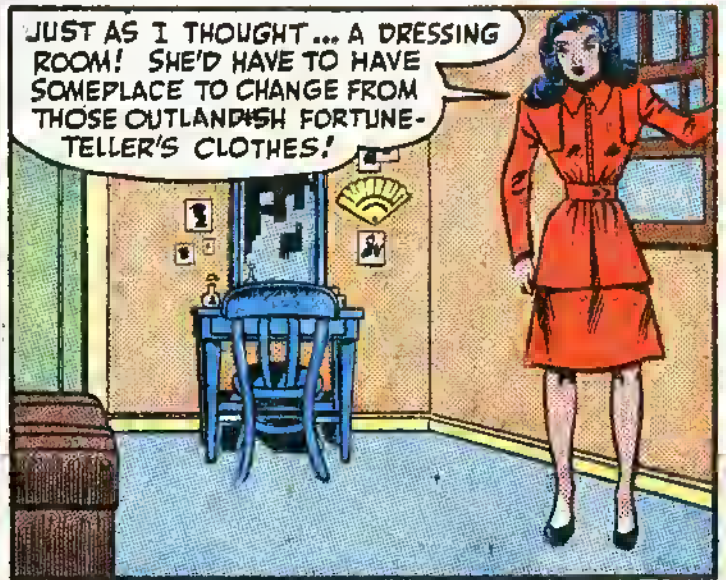
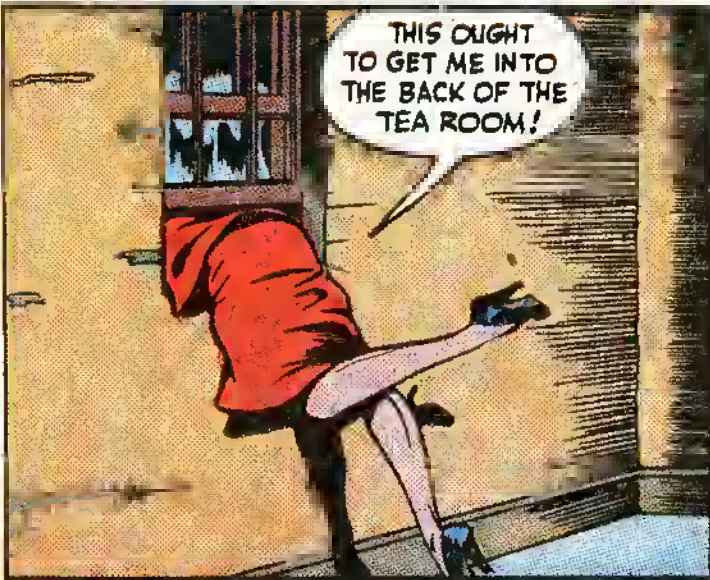
Then the skeptic quit operating and the keen-witted Lady District Attorney went to work!

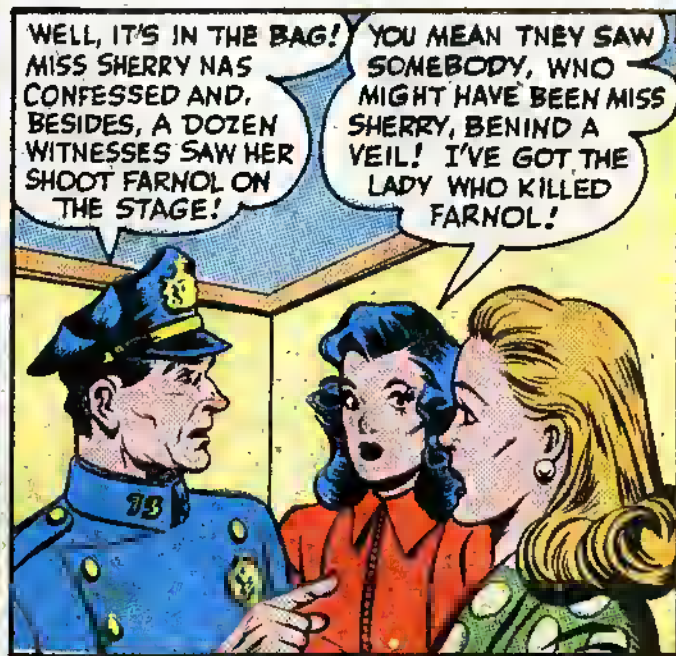


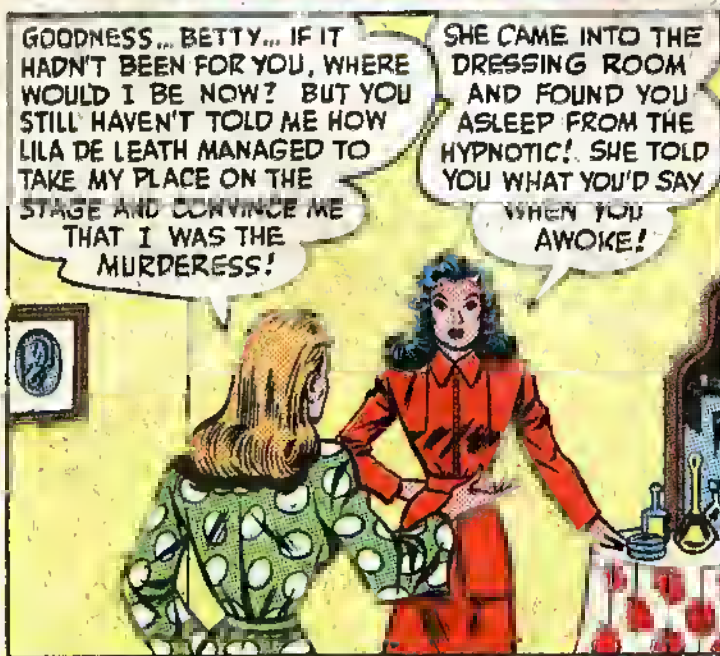
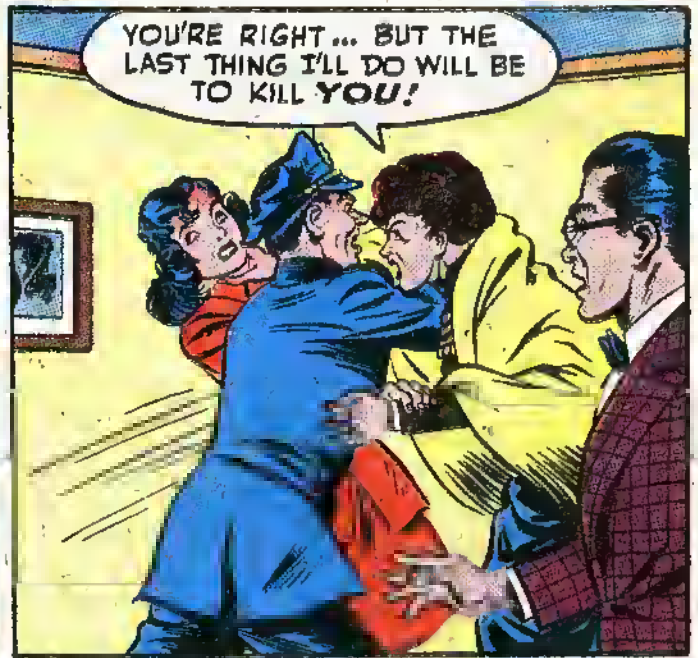
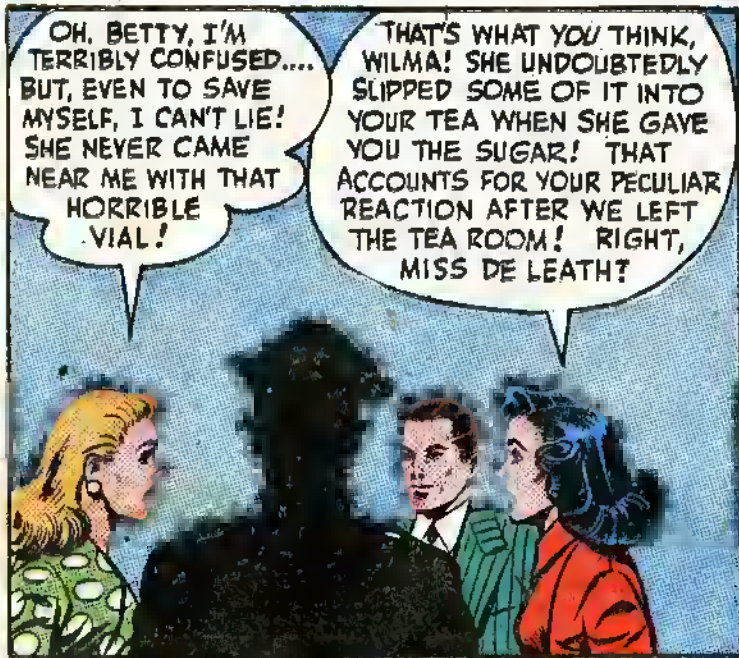


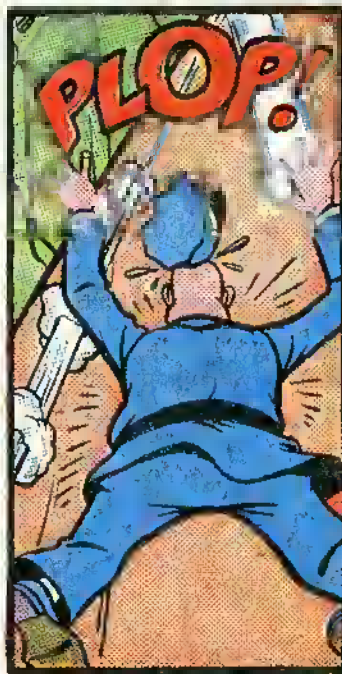
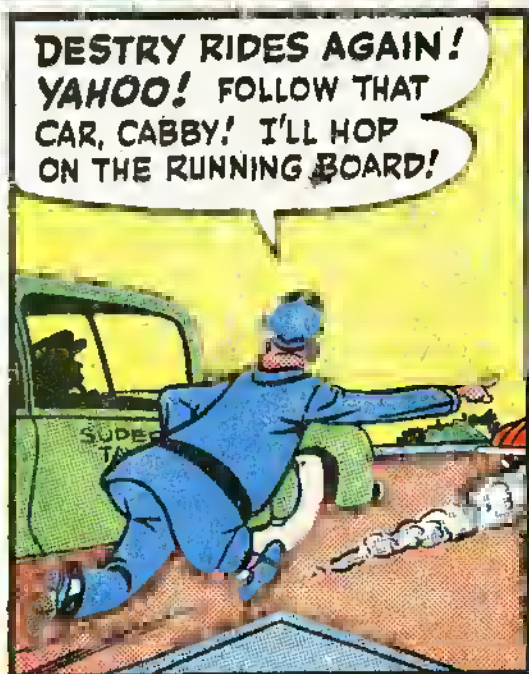
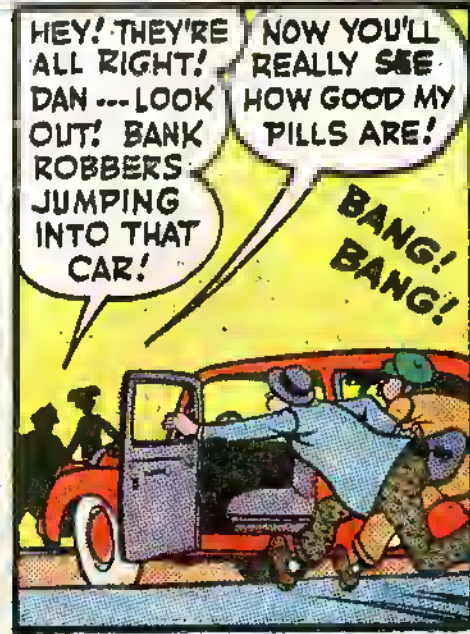
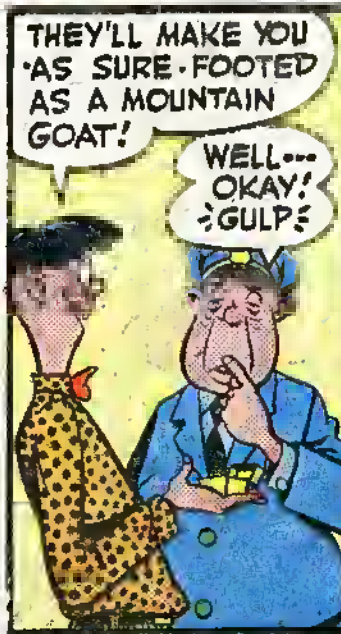
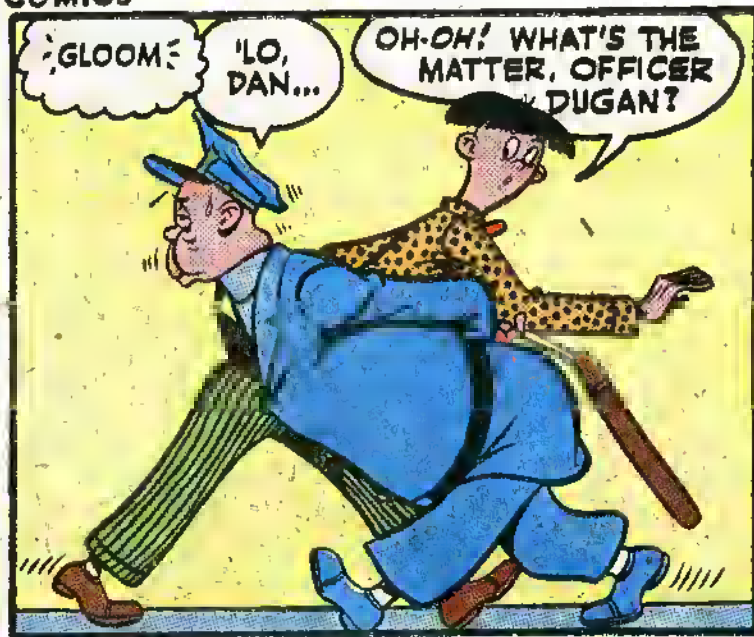
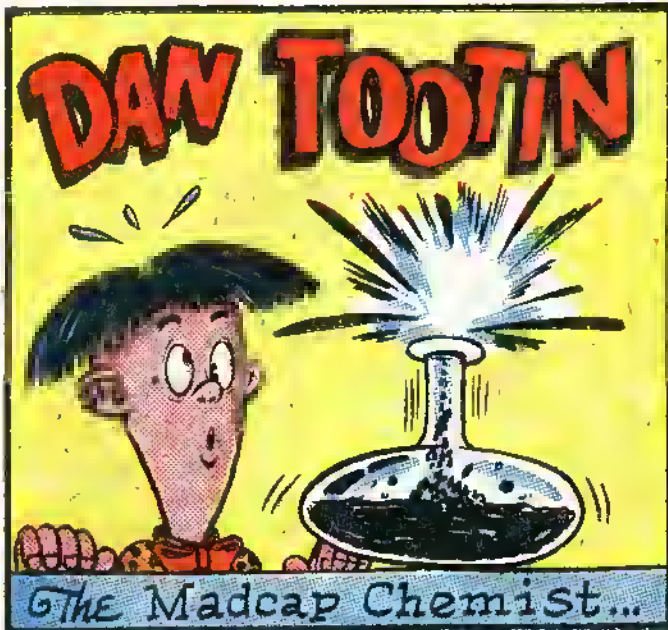












Instead of a daredevil, Charlie Horse is a scare-devil until Jeepers Creepers' wacky invention gives him courage to battle Bull Gore in a ferocious free-for-all!

Can you find a head of Charlie Horse hidden in this cartoon?

I'M TOO OLD TO RIDE MY BICYCLE ANYMORE, CHARLIE! THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU!

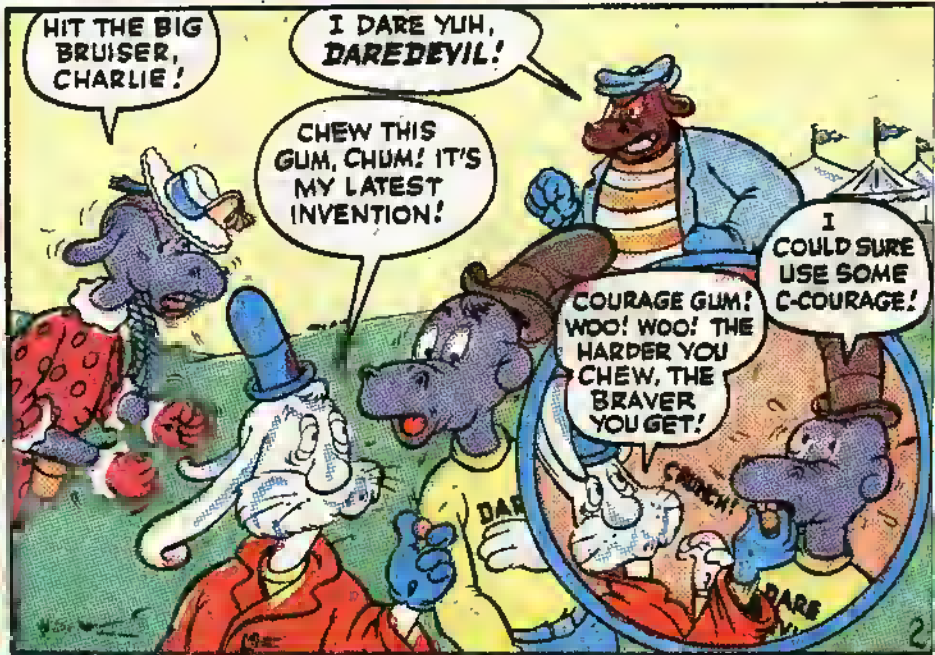
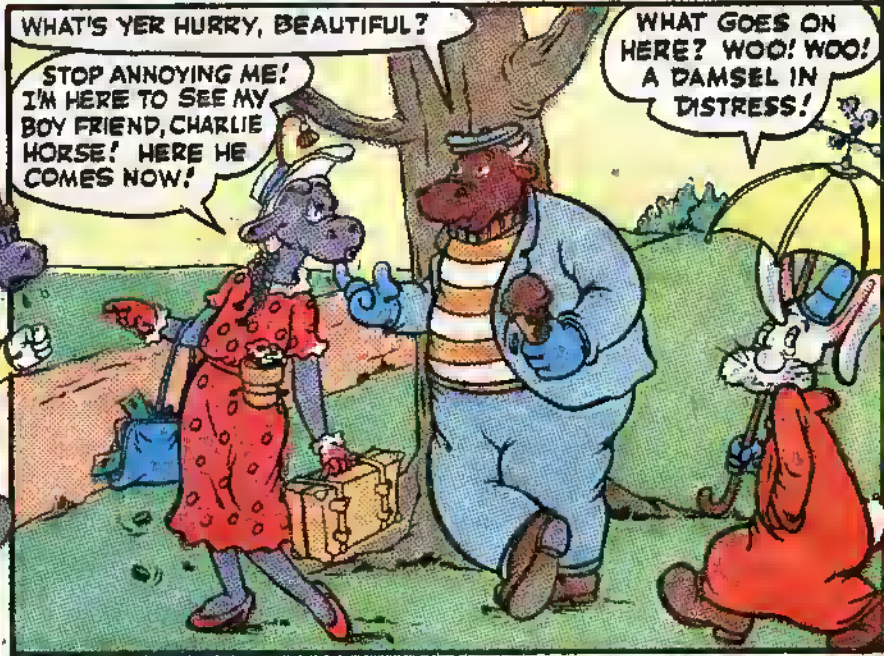
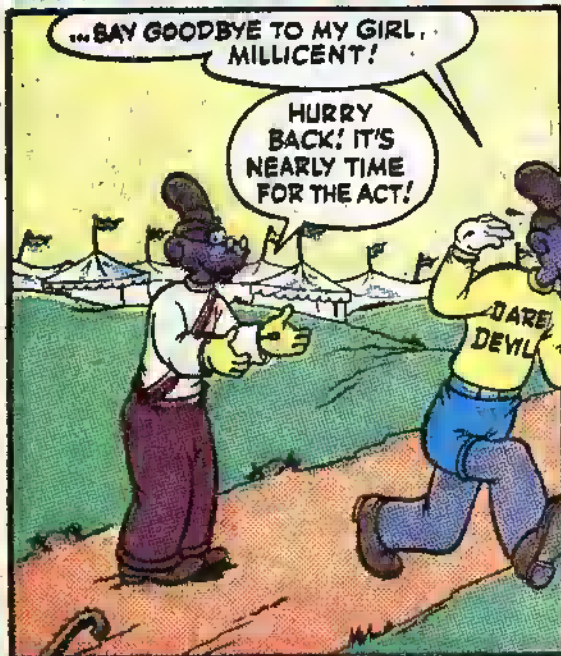
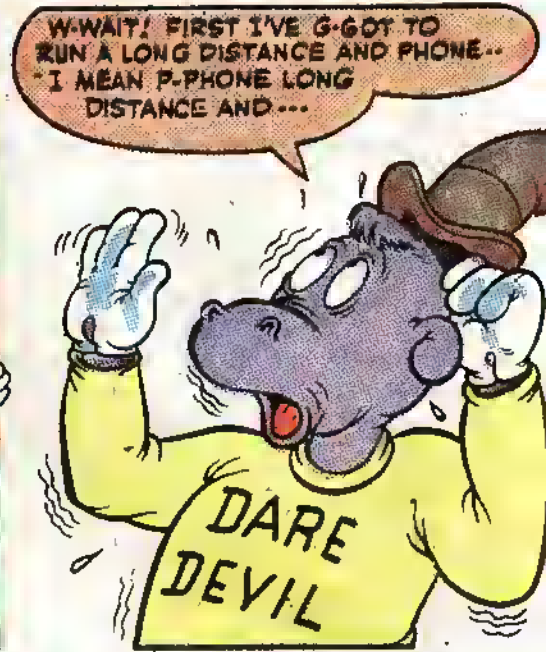
GRAMPS, I'M READY TO TAKE OVER YOUR ACT! I'M RARIN' TO GO!

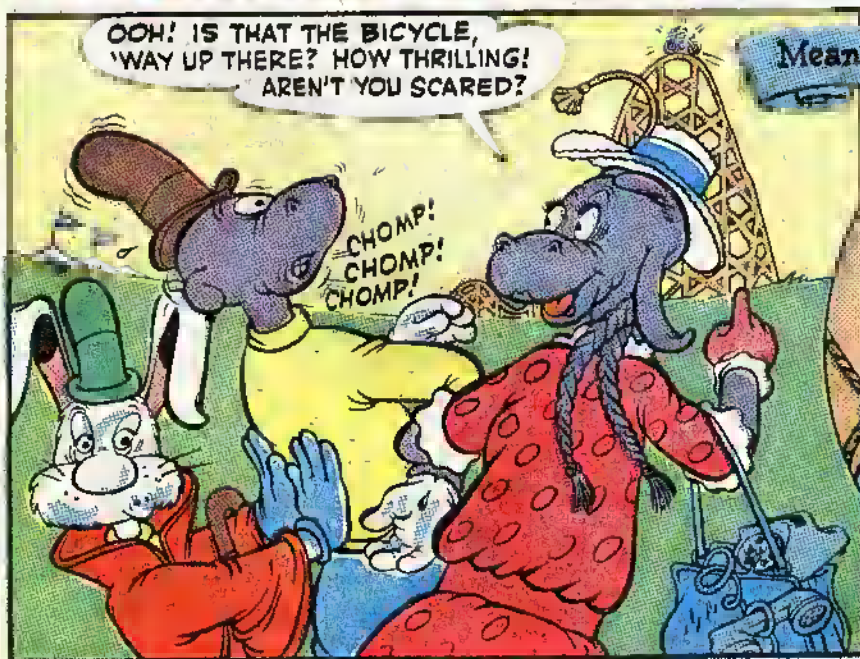
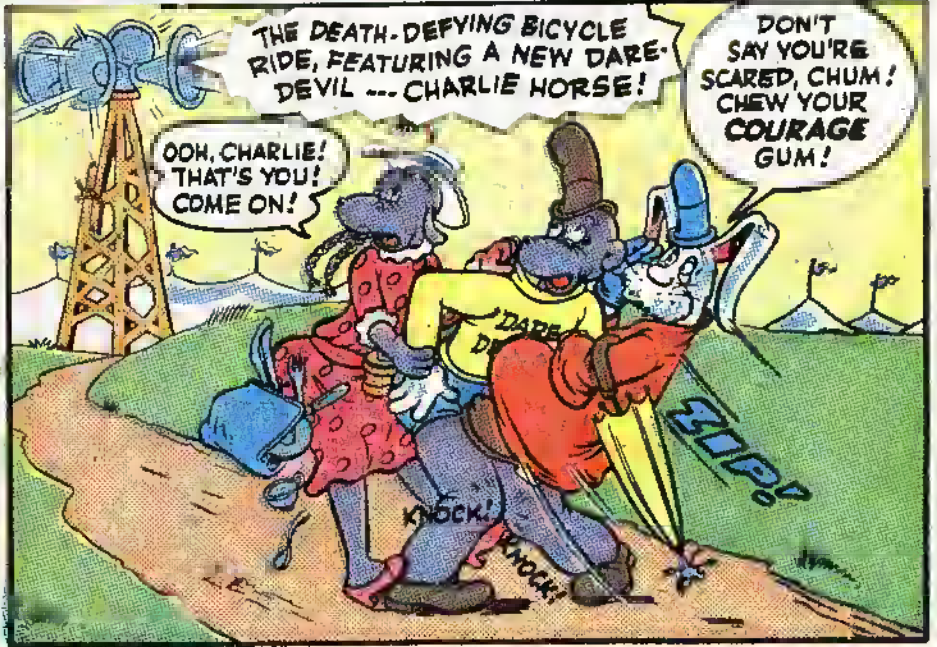
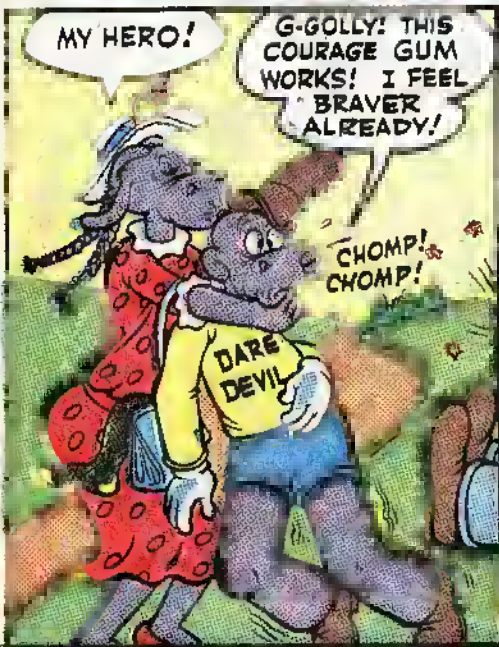
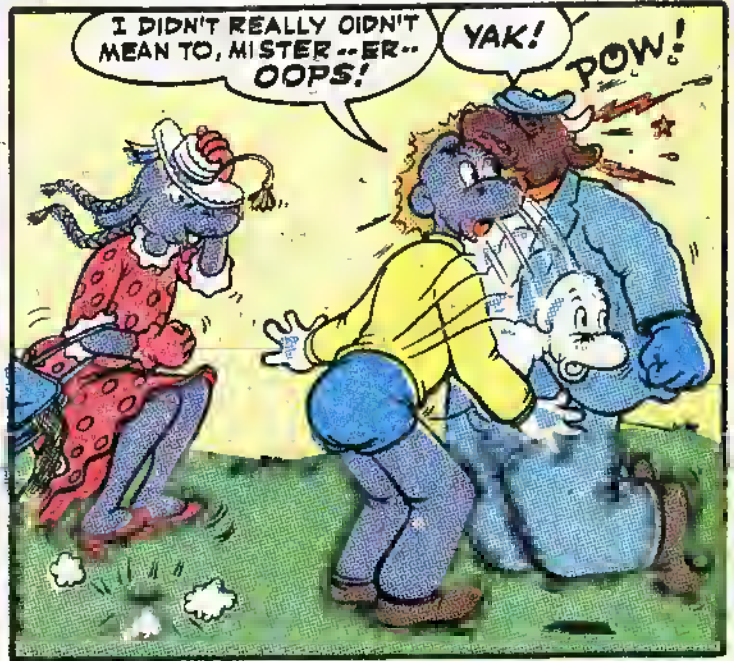
DAREDEVIL BIKE RIDES TWICE DAILY

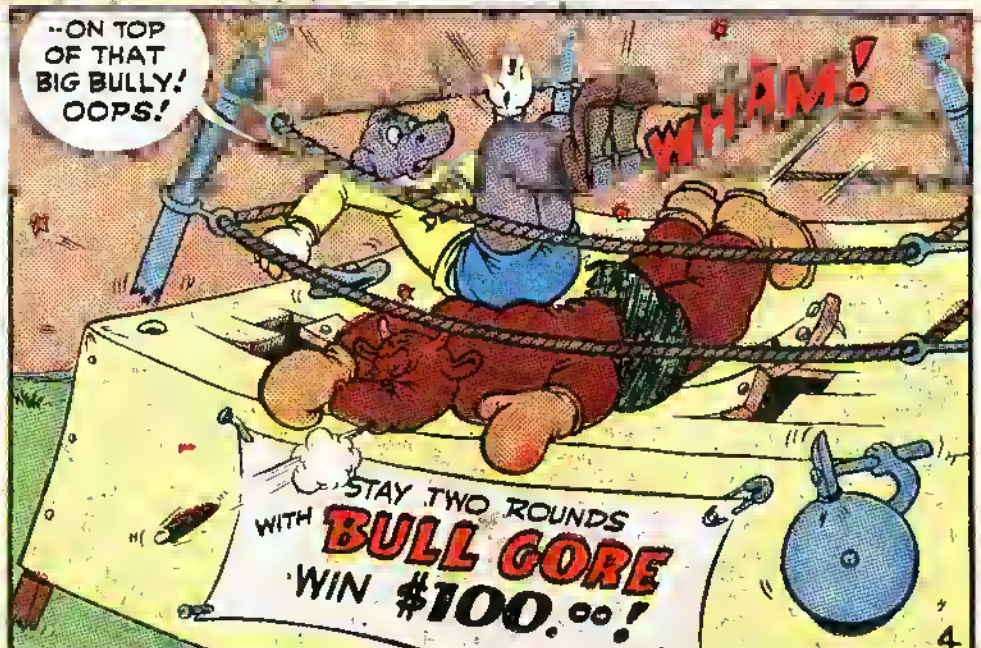
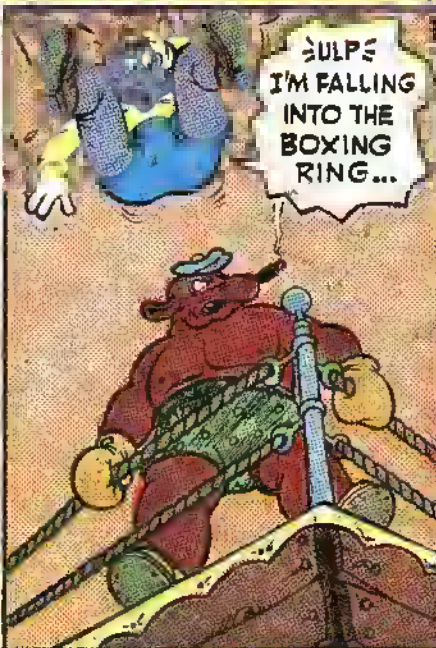
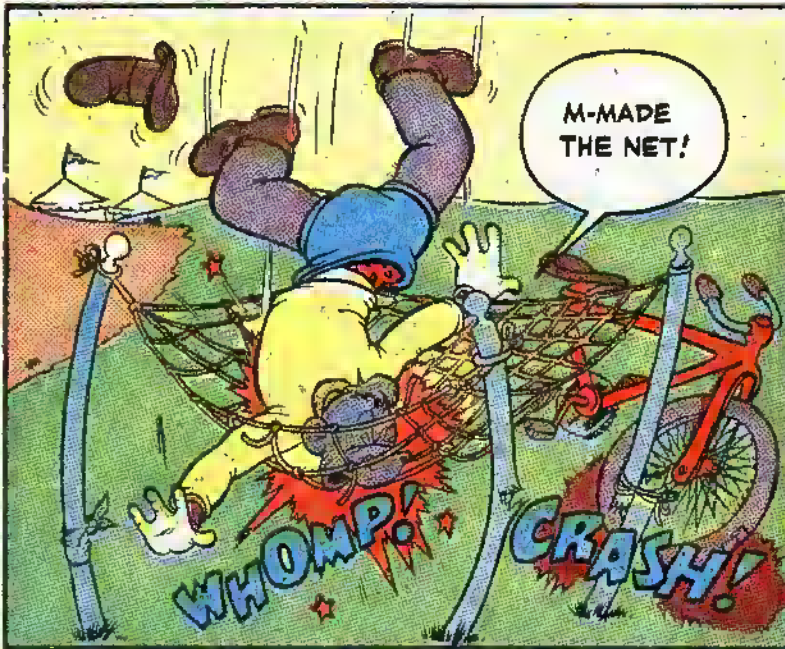
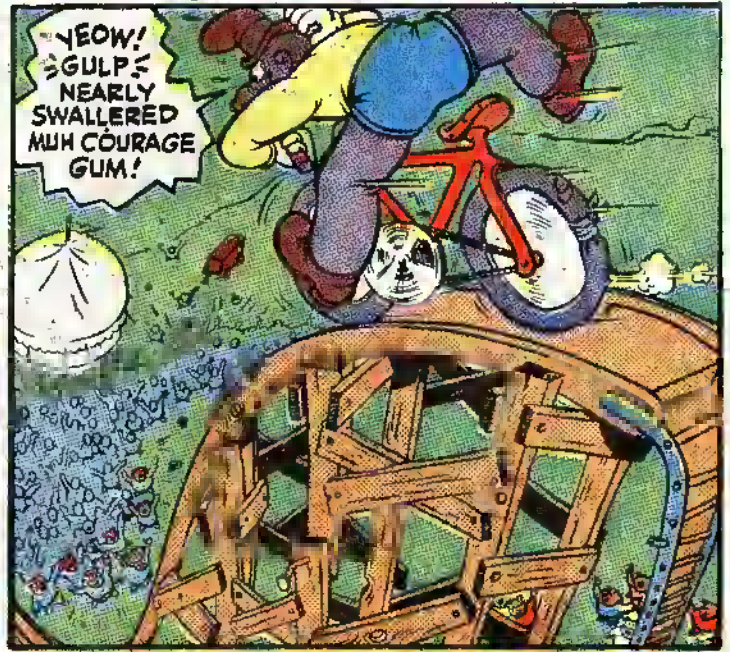
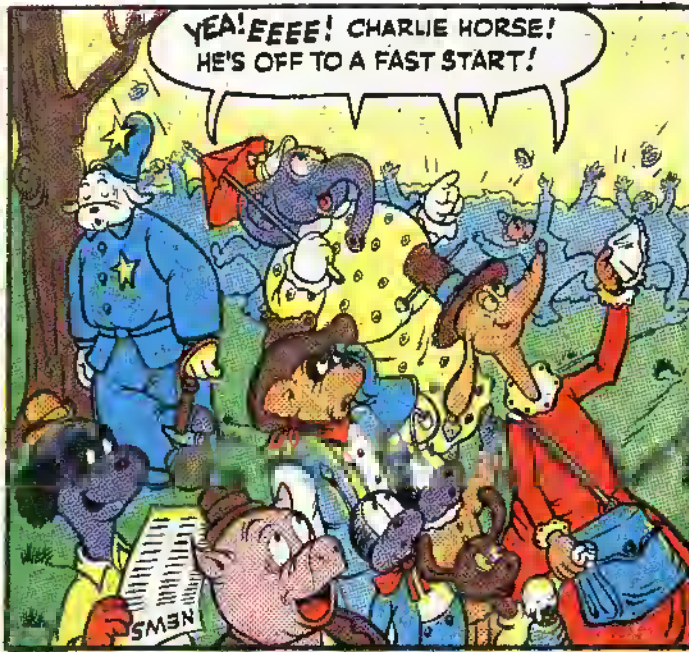
FINE! YOU RIDE THE BIKE
DOWN THAT RAISED RUNWAY,
AND MAKE A HIGH DIVE
IN THE NET!

SWELL! NOTHING I
LIKE BETTER'N
RIDING A — ULP!

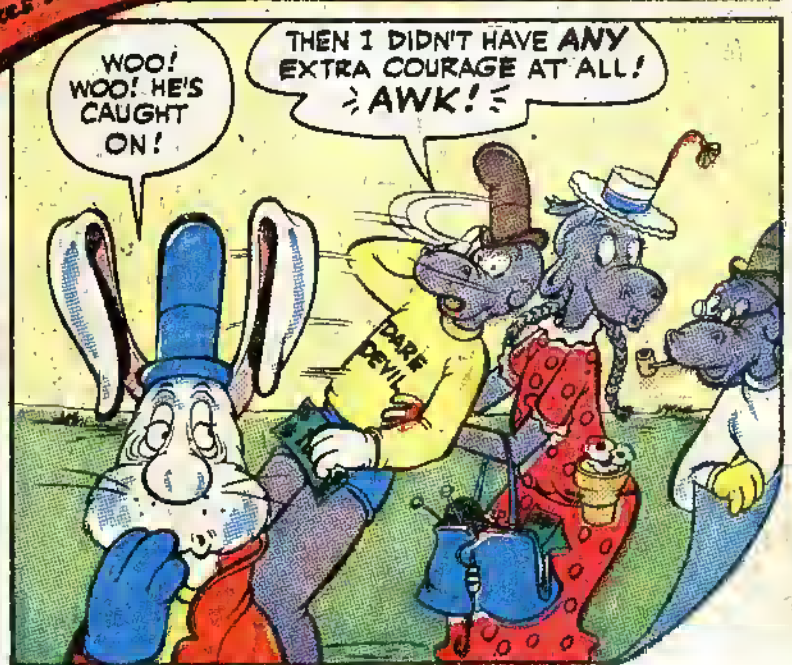
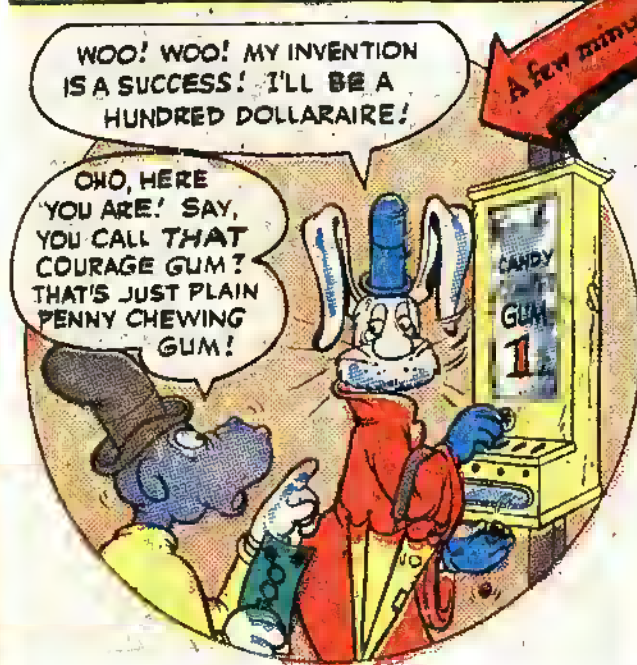
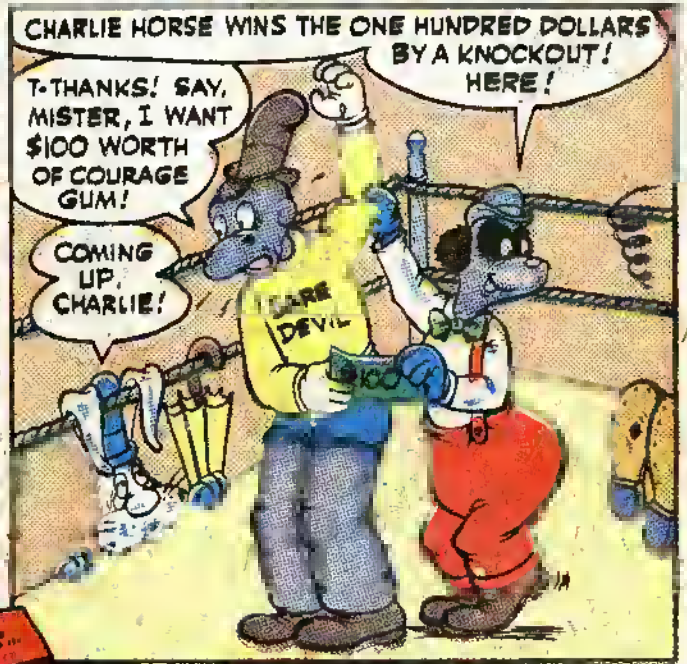
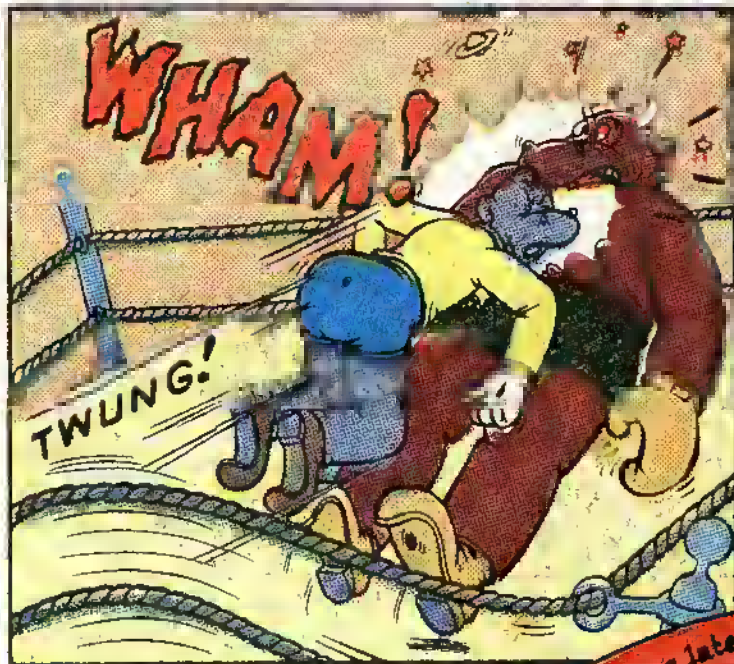
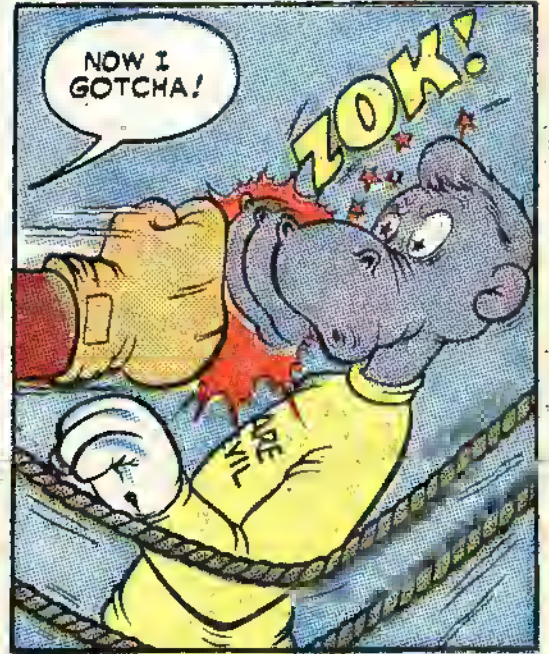
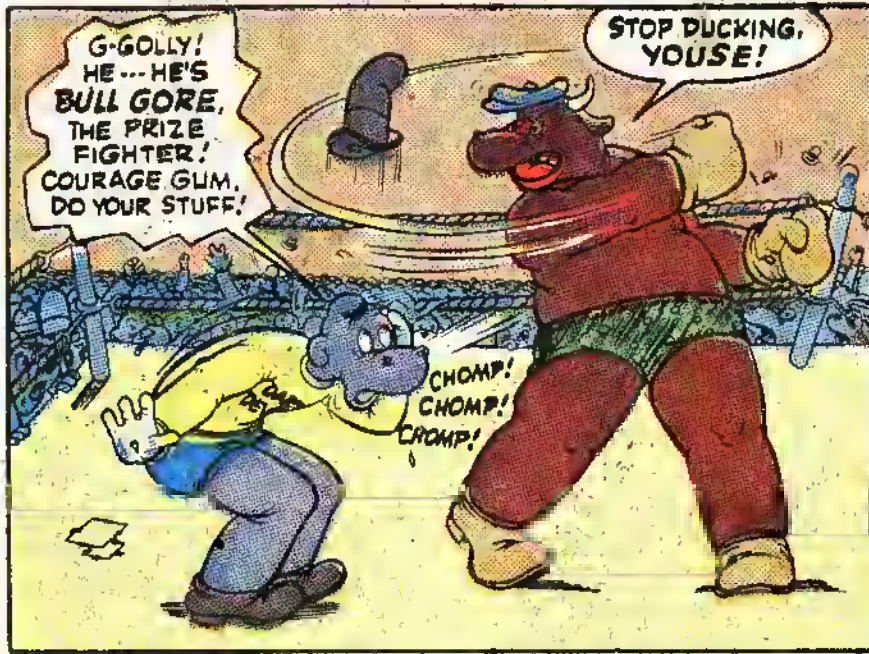
HIT COMICS







HIT COMICS



Enemies can be Friends

VANCE TULANE leaped back as the man's fist bashed toward his face. The blow grazed his heavy jaw, and he let out a curse and bored in.

It was a fight the like of which the north hadn't witnessed in many a moon. These two great huskies were evenly matched, each weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. Vance had the edge a bit in height, but Mulrooney was stockier, broader of shoulder. And certainly he had the most violent nature.

The big room quickly squared away, giving the men a clear field. Fists cracked and banged. Once Vance went over, his heel catching on the brass rail. But before Mulrooney could leap upon him he was up, flailing.

Mulrooney got a crack in the eye that fast closed it, and he bellowed like a wounded buffalo. He came in as if for the kill. Vance's left caught him in the neck, a terrible blow that pitched the big chap over in a heap. He lay, gasping, tugging to get to his feet, while his head swam and the world spun crazily. Vance straddled him, panting, both eyes closing, blood dripping down the corners of his mouth.

"Well, Mulrooney," he grated. "have you had enough? I won't do to you what you'd do to me, if I was down. Get up, you big ape, and take it like a man!"

Mulrooney puffed and blew, and at last staggered to his feet. He grabbed the bar, swaying and groggy. He glared around the room, wiping the blood from his pulpy face. One corner of his mouth was torn as if a tiger's claw had raked it, and his long hair was matted with blood where a scalp cut oozed gore.

"Blast ye!" he roared, and

came in again, fists driving like pistons. "I'll kill ye, ye dirty varmint!"

Vance leaped nimbly backward and let drive a haymaker to the jaw. Mulrooney groaned once and fell like a log, this time to lie quite still.

Slowly the room came to life. Men breathing again strode forward to congratulate Vance.

"Yuh shore done th' big 'un in, Vance," someone said. "Never see any fight like that 'un."

"Yeah," said another, "that ought to hold the big Irisher fer a while!"

Vance brushed them aside and strode out into the cold night. He had had enough of it. He didn't like fighting. He didn't like Mulrooney, the crowing braggart of the camp. Mulrooney had whipped every man who ever crossed—and some who didn't try to cross him. He was mean and murderous.

Someone tossed a scoop of cold water into the big man's face, and he came to with a start. He sat up, rubbing his jaw, glaring as best he could through his almost shut eyes. He breathed like a porpoise.

"I'll kill him, that I will!" he growled. "I'll fix that dirty snake!"

Nobody said anything; nobody had the nerve in that room.

Mulrooney struggled to his feet and stood leaning against the bar for a moment, while his bloody eyes swept the room.

"Ye seen him do it!" he shouted. "Everybody in this here room seen the dirty scum throw that stuff in my eyes! Well, ye seen the last of Vance!"

Mulrooney pulled his hat down over his head and stalked out of the room. Men breathed easier after he had gone. They looked at each other and slow-

ly shook their heads. They knew that trouble was brewing. Vance everyone like, although he was little known in the camp. He'd come to the north only a few weeks before, saying nothing about when he came, asking no questions. He was a good lumberman and so had been given a job on the strength of his genius.

Almost from the first there had been bad blood between the timber boss, Mulrooney, and Vance. Mulrooney would have fired him, but Stowe, the owner, would not hear of it. Vance was a good man. His and Mulrooney's difference was nothing to him.

Stowe and Harcroft, the other big timber operator in the vast country, were not good friends. Stowe was honest and gave every man his chance. He asked nothing that didn't belong to him. Harcroft, on the other hand, was greedy and had tried to horn in on Stowe timber more than once. Bad blood existed between the men of the two powerful factions, and this often came into the open in fights.

Harcroft wanted to run Stowe out of the north country so that he could hog all the timber. Stowe had had a tough time of it keeping his foothold. He'd managed somehow. His men were loyal.

The first untoward event occurred at the beginning of the spring drive. The ice had gone off the land and the river was a tumbling mass of block ice. In a few more hours the log drive would begin. Harcroft had been lucky in getting his logs into the water first for the past three seasons, but this time it looked as if Stowe would make it. The men on both sides sensed trouble over this rivalry.

HIT COMICS

Stowe's logs were in the water and the charges set to release the jam. Harcroft's logs were behind his. A tenseness prevailed. Times like these brought every sort of evil. Harcroft wouldn't take it like a sport; he would do everything to jam things.

The morning of the proposed drive dawned cold and clear. The men were at their posts early. When it came time to touch off the charges, releasing the logs from their packed tightness, everyone was on his toes. Some of the men were downright scared. Why, they couldn't tell.

Pretty soon the explosions shattered the morning. Logs leaped high in the air, and spurts of white water shot upward through the crevices made by the logs. At last the great jam began moving. Ever so slowly it went at first, gaining speed as the grip of the current grew stronger.

The men danced and leaped over the turning logs, keeping their footing magically, and with the help of their spiked poles. Out of sheer exuberance some of them twirled their logs madly in the water, getting a thrill out of the dangerous exercise. It was a spectacular thing to watch.

The jam was moving freely in midstream when the first accident happened. A terrific explosion hurled hundreds of logs into the air, taking several men with it. When they came down they were ground to bits in the churning mass of timber. Screams tore across the water as another explosion ripped through the jam, and more men were blown to bits.

In all, 19 men were killed on that jam, and that many more wounded. Nobody knew what had happened. The extra explosions could not be accounted for; the Stowe men swore they had had nothing to do with the dynamite setting. And why should they? The blasts were not needed to help move the jam. They were plant-

ed criminally, and everyone on the Stowe side knew who had done the dastardly deed: Harcroft.

Nothing, however, could be laid to Harcroft's door. There was no proof. But men grumbled. Many of them quit Stowe.

The strange accidents didn't cease with the blasting of the log jam. Later in the week, after the run, two men topping a tree were shot and fell to their death. Then everyone in camp became sick from eating something the cook had brewed up. Poisoned! That was the verdict of the men. But by whom? Harcroft!

Mulrooney, himself, was hard hit by the sickness and laid in his bunk three days. When he got up he was wan and haggard, and swearing that he knew who had committed the foul deeds. Not Harcroft, but Vance!

"Don't tell me he didn't either," he barked. "Look at him. He ain't sick from this poison. Why? Because he didn't put any in his own chow, thass why!"

Naturally, this got to Vance, and he was worried. Why did the big palooka think he did it? Of course, he didn't really; that was his way of showing his hatred. Vance kept on the lookout for trouble, and the men began eyeing him strangely, and whispering when his back was turned. He didn't like it.

More accidents happened in camp. Cable snapped queerly. Guy wires broke. Once a buzz saw jumped from its mooring, tore through the shed and almost amputated the arm of one of the tenders.

More men left Stowe's employ. They were thoroughly frightened now, and superstitious. These things just didn't happen. Something mysterious was behind it all. The jinx story got out, and Stowe couldn't find help.

Opinion swayed from Harcroft to Vance. Vance was the guilty one!

Several more accidents happened in camp, and more men left to seek healthier fields. Stowe couldn't blame the men; he felt he would do the same thing under such circumstances. But he knew he faced ruin unless the solution was found. One night he was closeted with Vance for two hours. And the next day Vance was gone.

Mulrooney was thirsty. He left his work and strode to the bank of the creek that run through that section of woods. He knelt on the ground and was in the act of putting his lips to the water when a weight hit him and he nearly toppled into the stream. He bounced up fighting.

He faced Vance, who was trying to hold him without striking. "Don't drink that water, Mulrooney. It's poisoned."

"You lie!" roared Mulrooney, and swung. Vance ducked.

"Wait, you fool!" shouted Vance. "Take a look at that squirrel there; he's dead. Why? He just drank some of that water. The creek's poisoned."

Then a bunch of men came out of the woods and the fight started. They were Harcroft's men. Soon the entire two camps were in it, hot and heavy. And now Mulrooney and Vance fought side by side, slashing at the horde of Harcroft men that sought to overwhelm them.

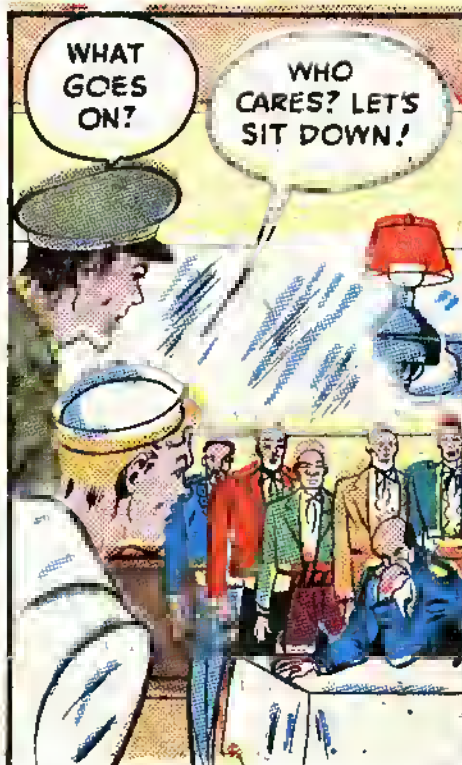
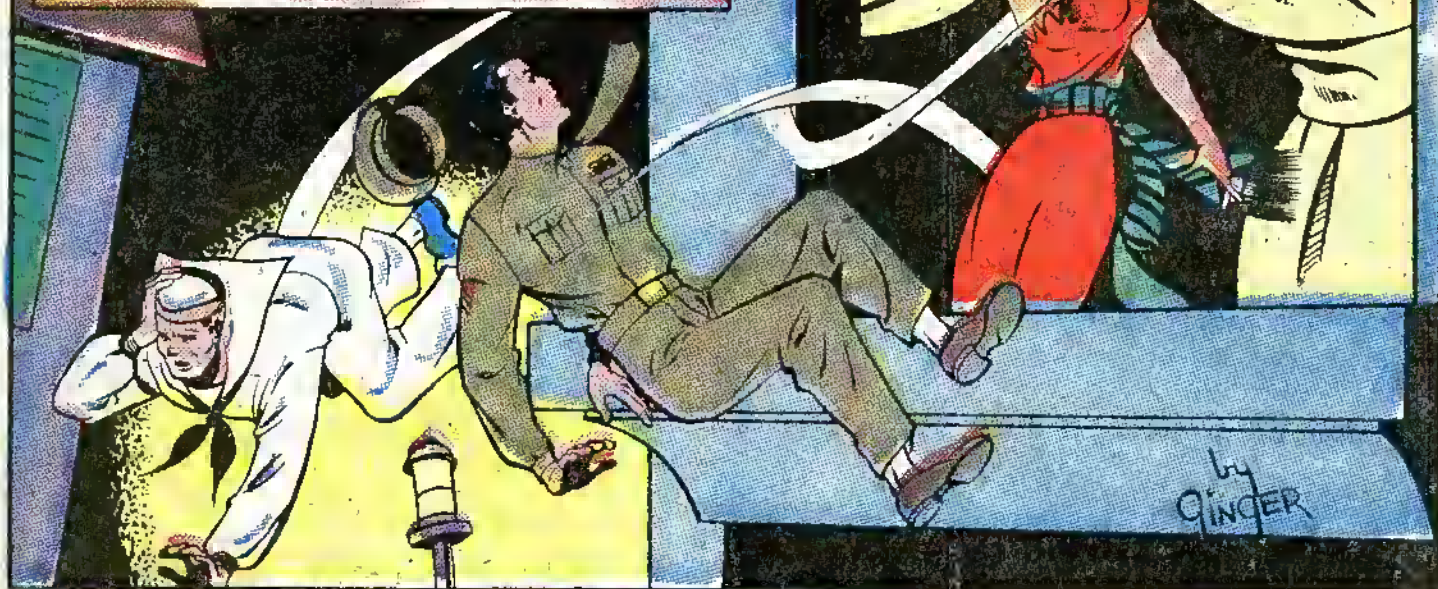
The fight lasted half the day, and when it was over there were more Harcroft men down than Stowe men. Gruff Harcroft himself, beaten and blustering, was in the grasp of Vance when Stowe came up.

"Well, Harcroft," said the timber owner, "I guess this does you. We both saw you poison the stream—Vance here and me. I'd advise you to get out of the country, fast!"

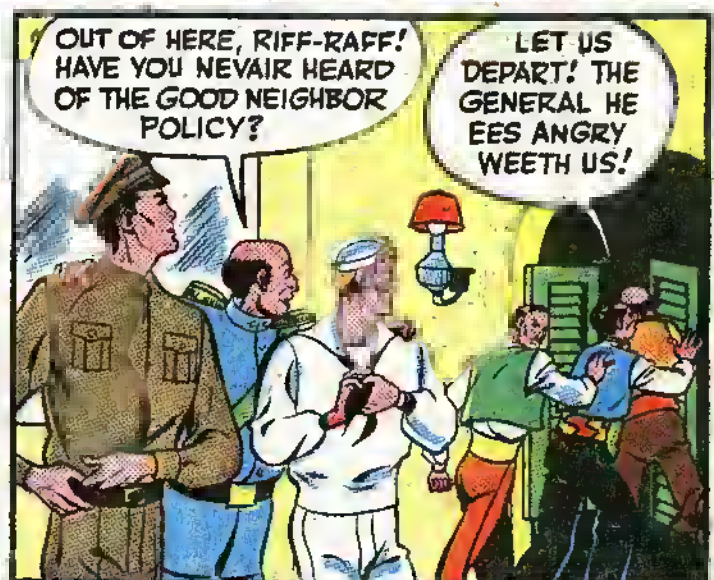
Harcroft did. And it is said that no two friends were ever closer than Mulrooney and Vance, who had begun as bitter enemies. Which goes to show you that you never know how a thing will turn out.

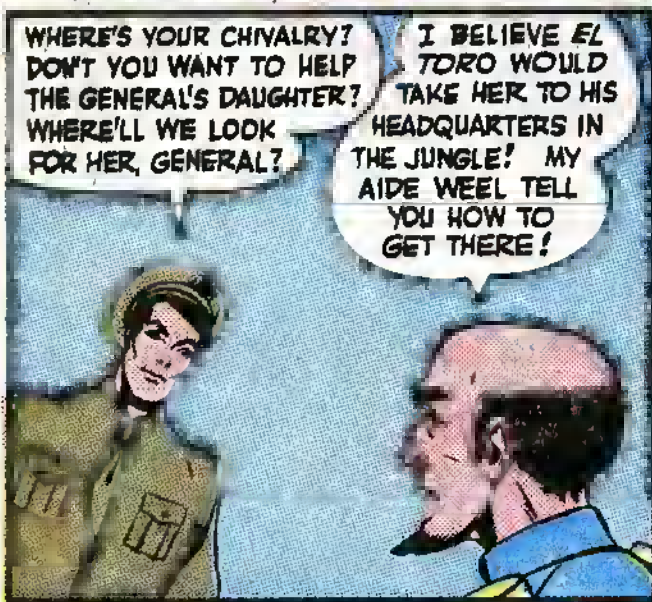
BOB and SWAB

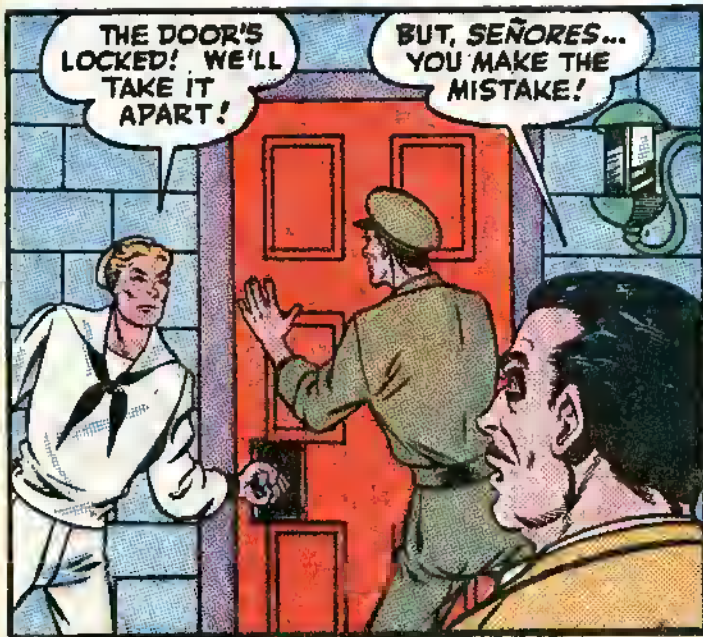
THE U.S.S. BRIMSTONE puts in for a brief stay in a tiny Central American harbor and Bob Masters, Marine, and Swab Decker, Sailor, have a whole day in which to try keeping out of mischief!

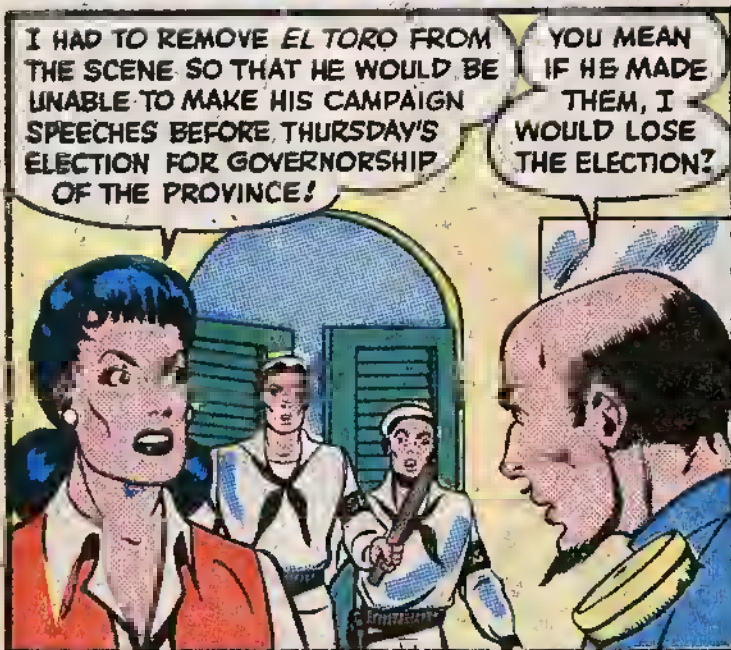
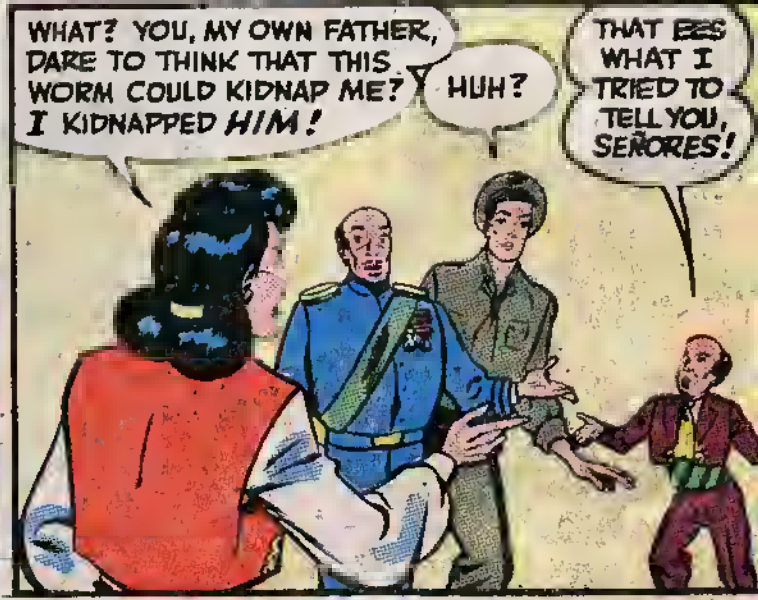
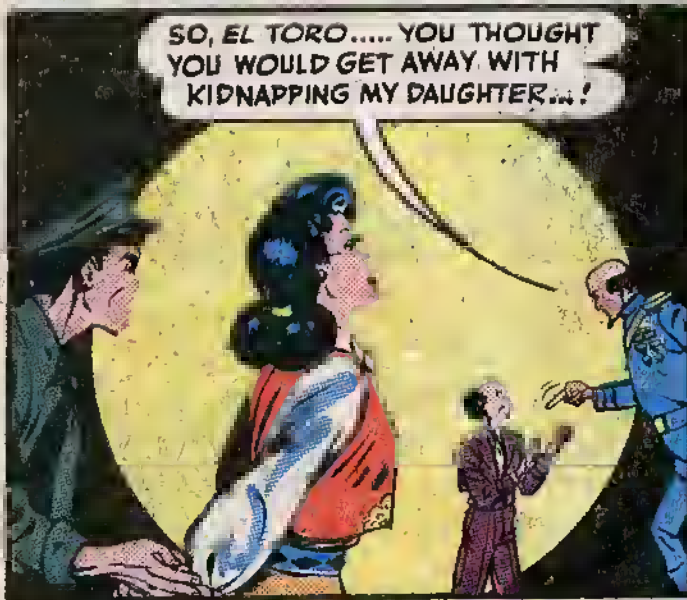


HIT COMICS

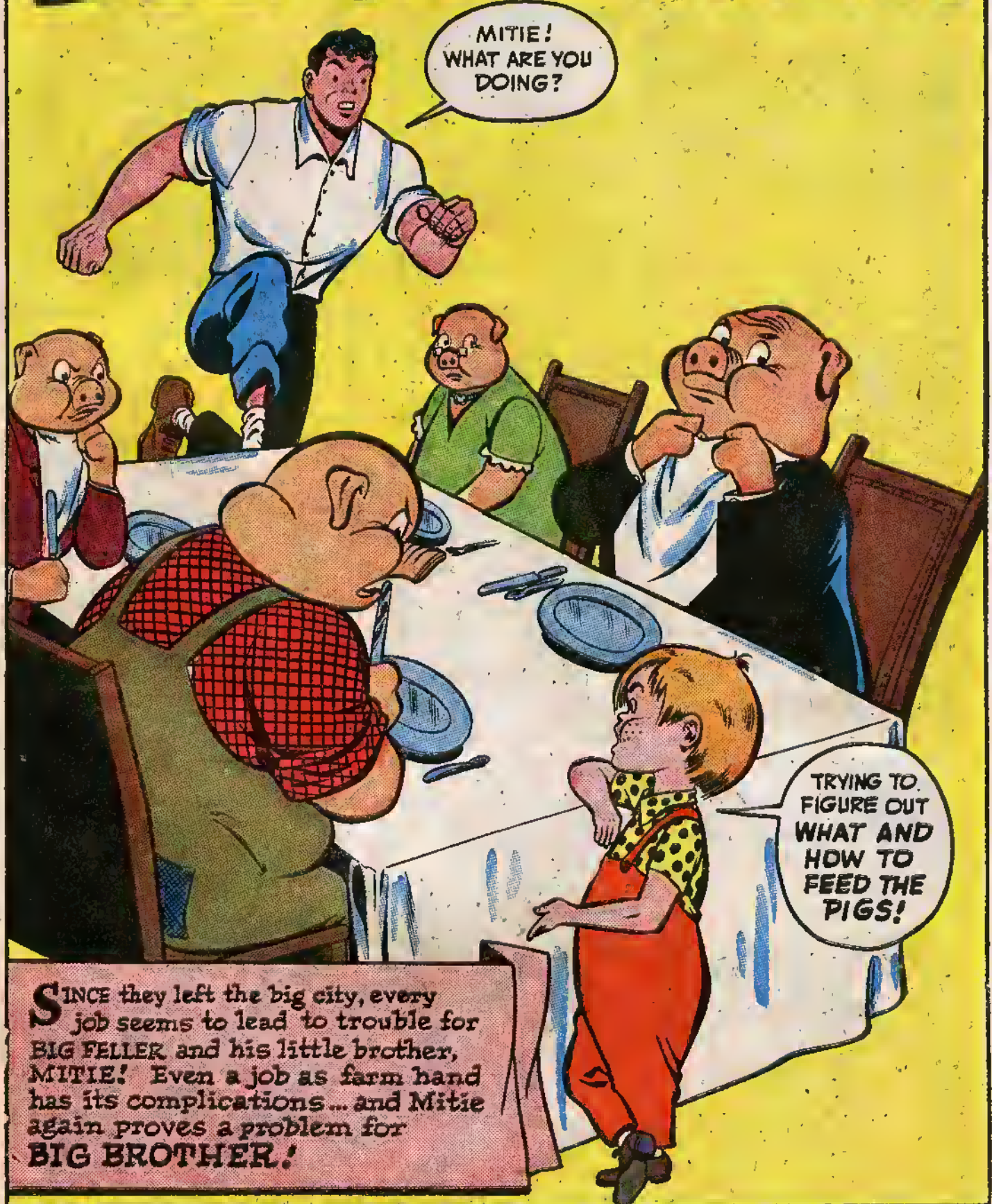






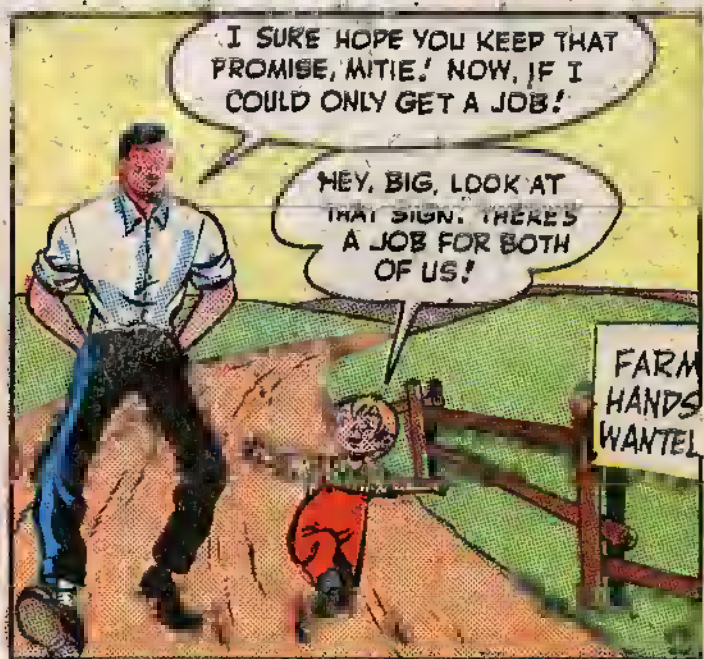
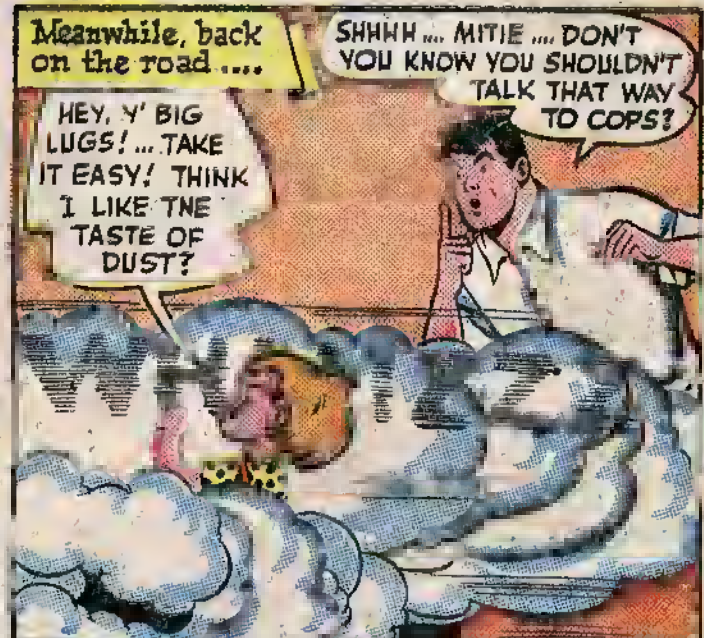
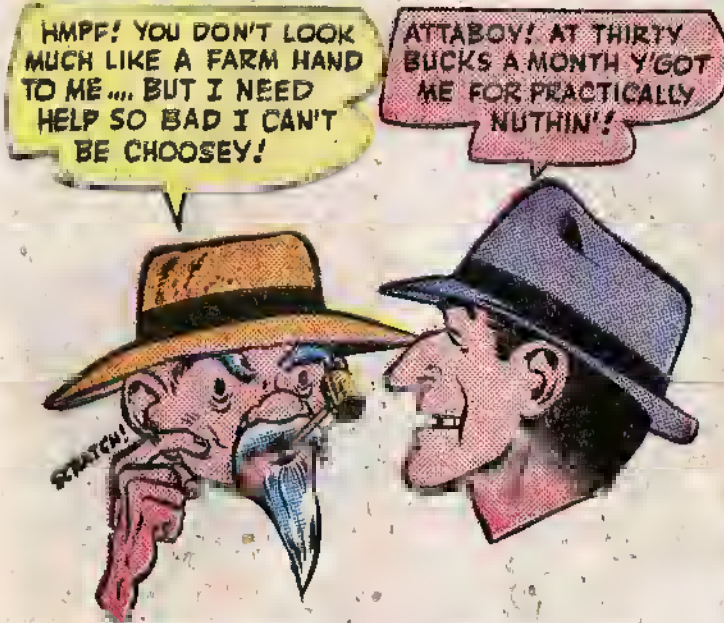
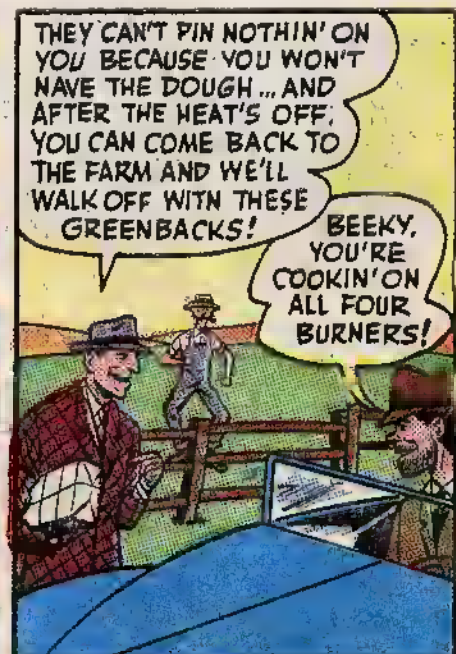
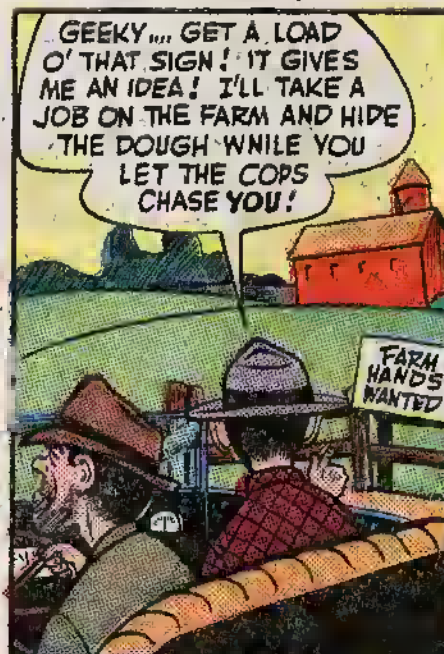
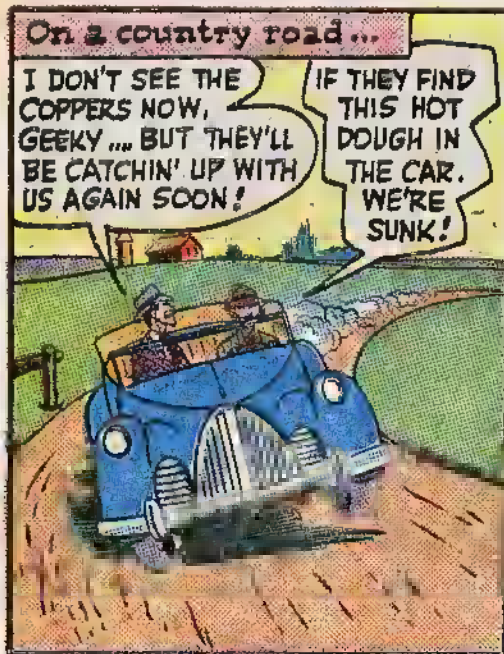


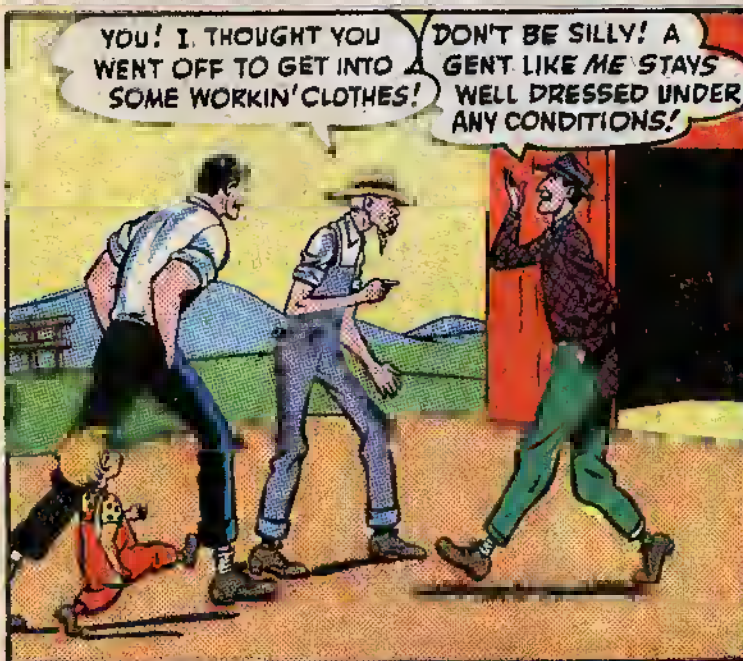
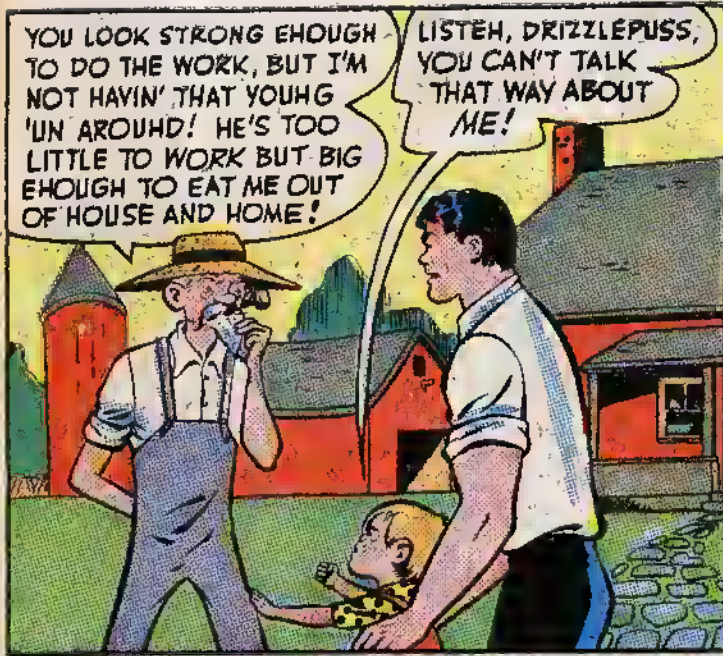
BIG BROTHER



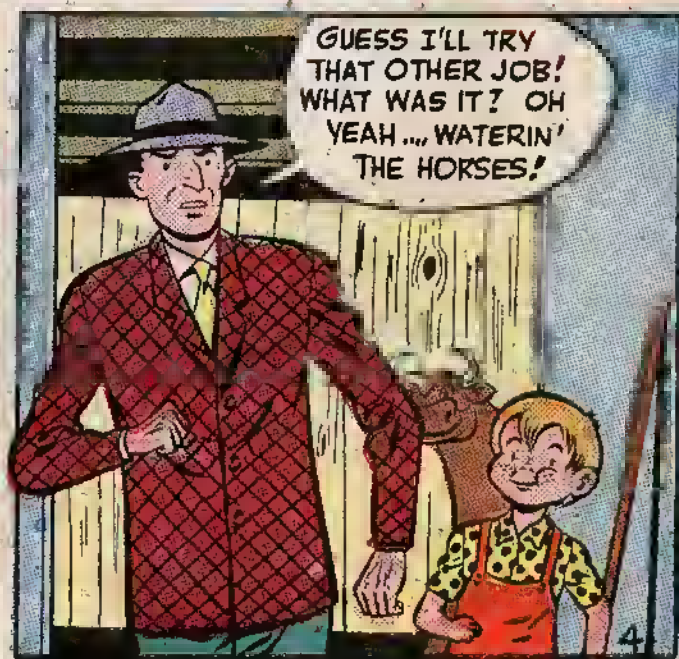
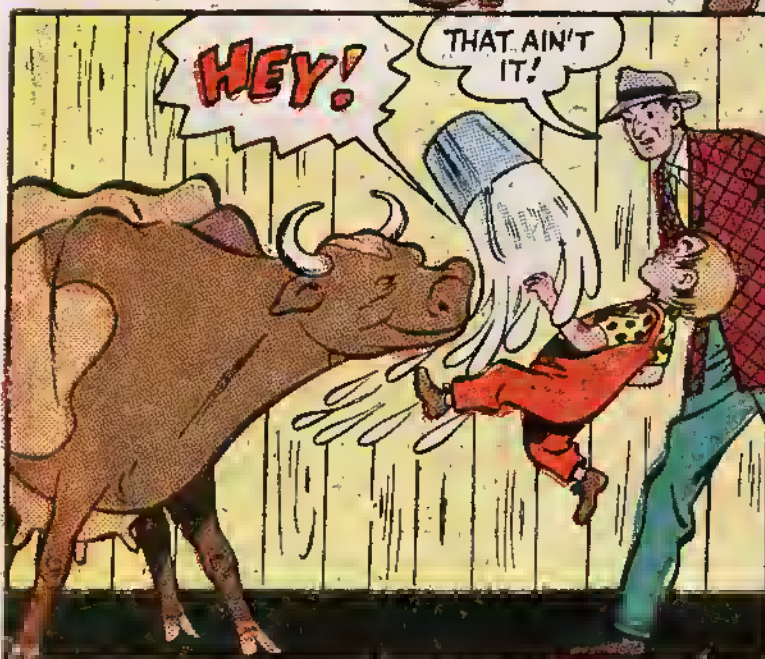
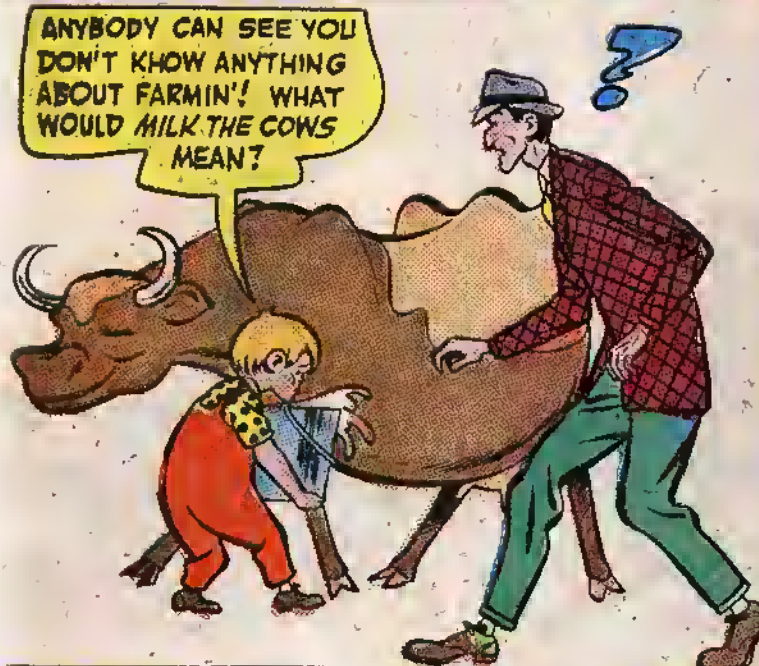
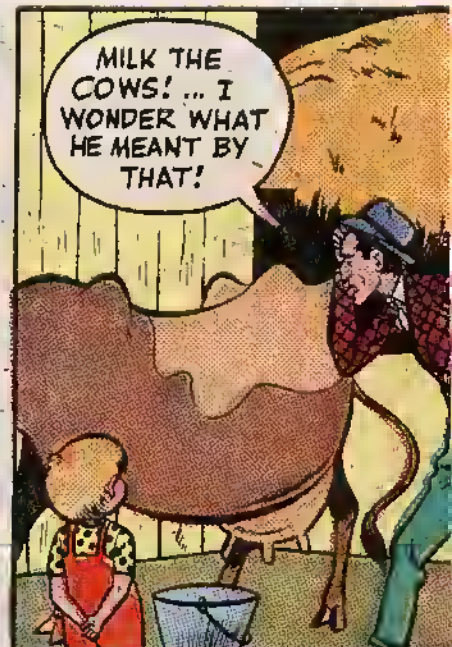
SINCE they left the big city, every job seems to lead to trouble for BIG FELLER and his little brother, MITIE! Even a job as farm hand has its complications... and Mitie again proves a problem for BIG BROTHER!

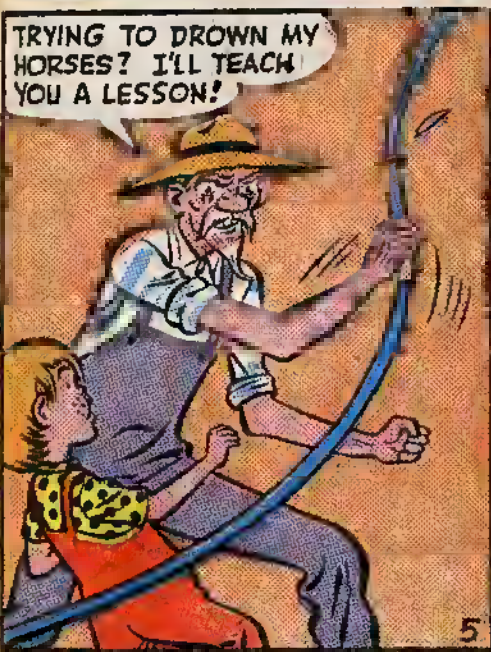
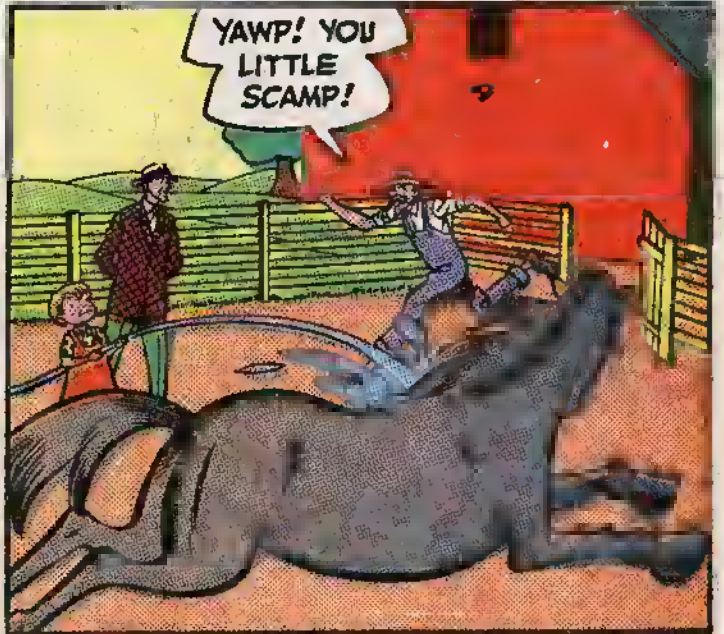
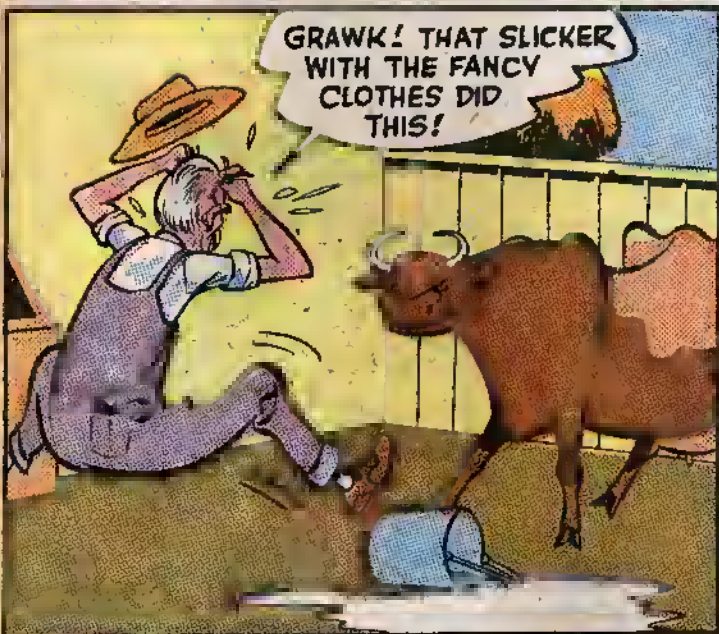
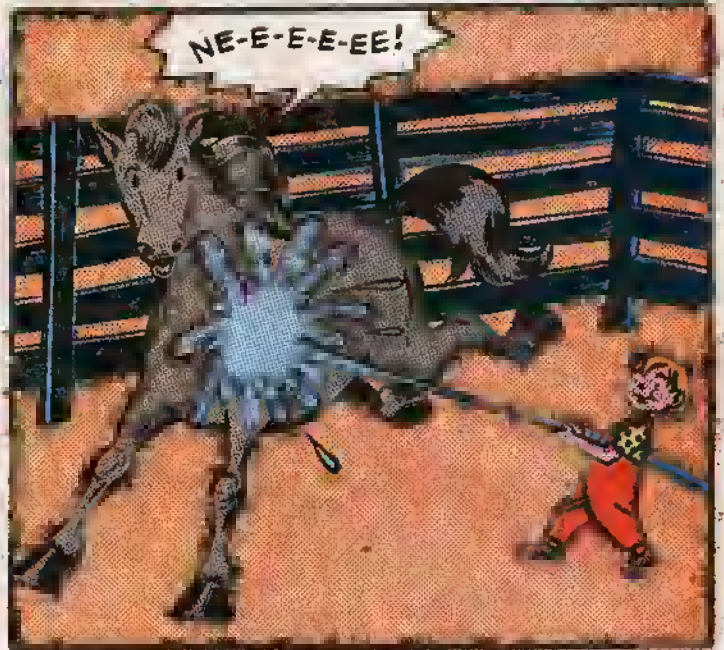
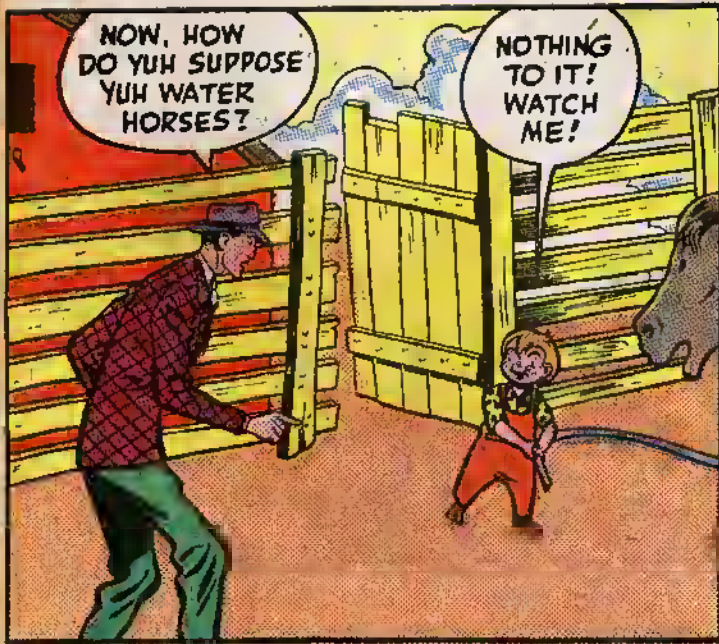
HIT COMICS

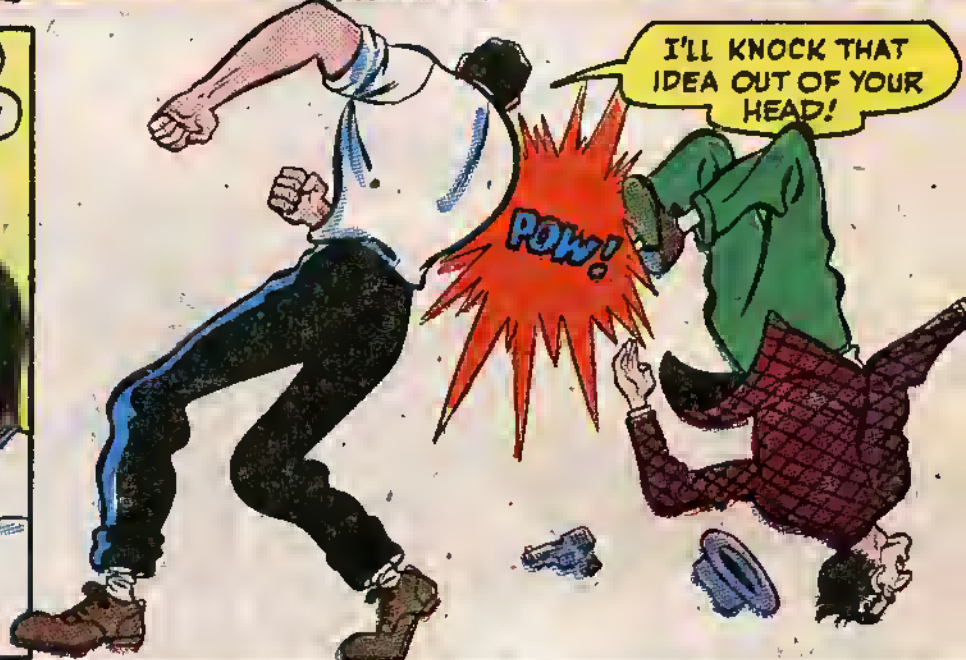
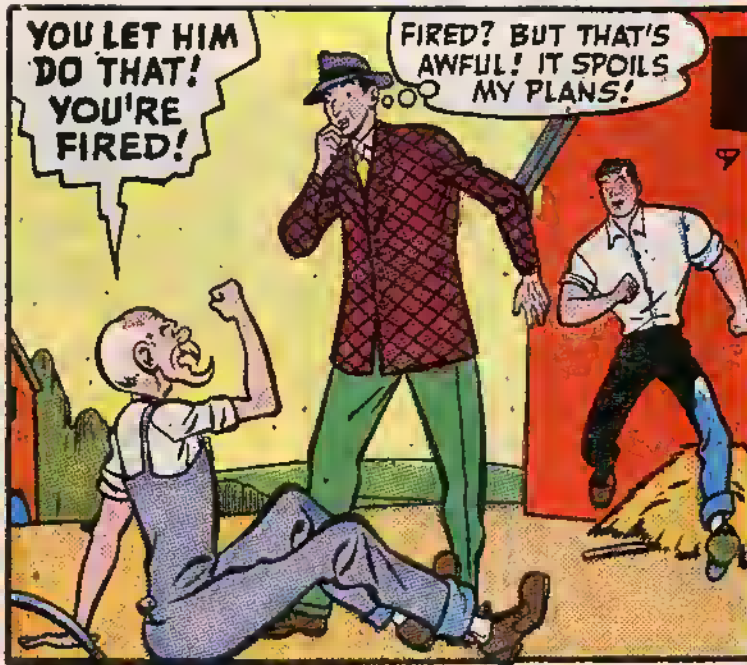


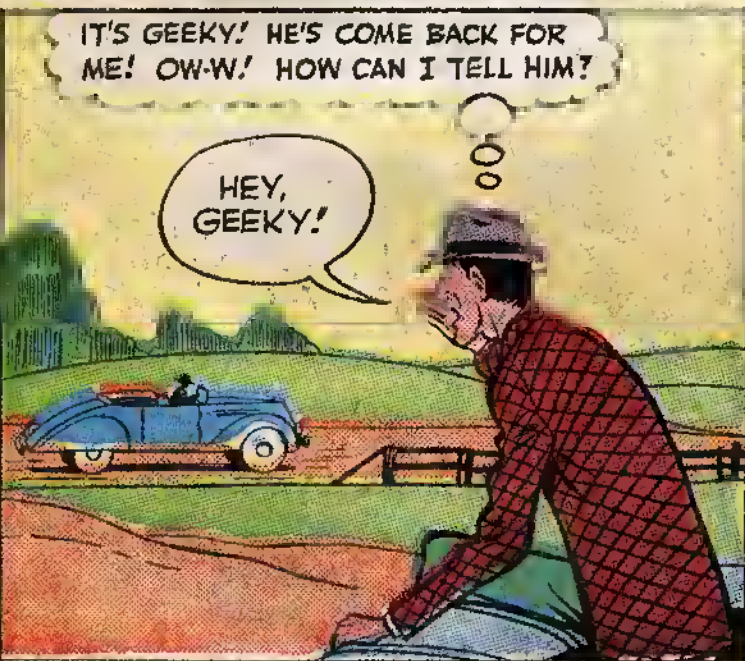
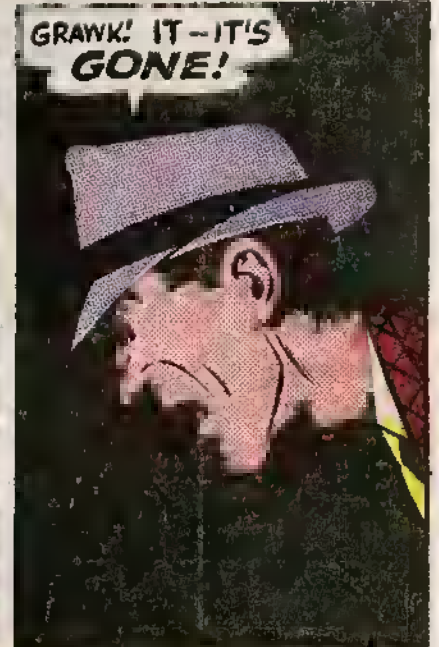
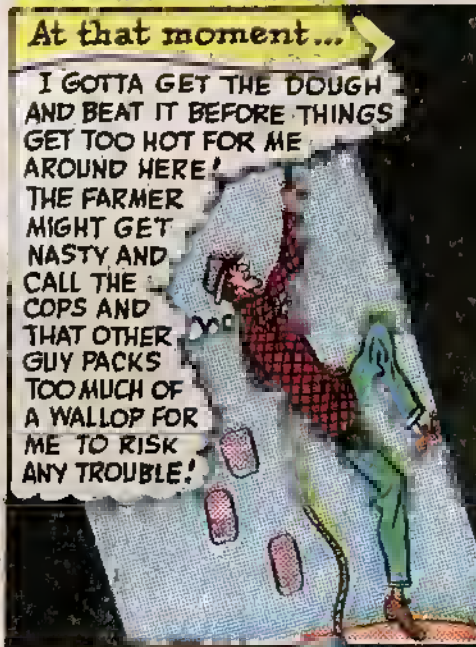
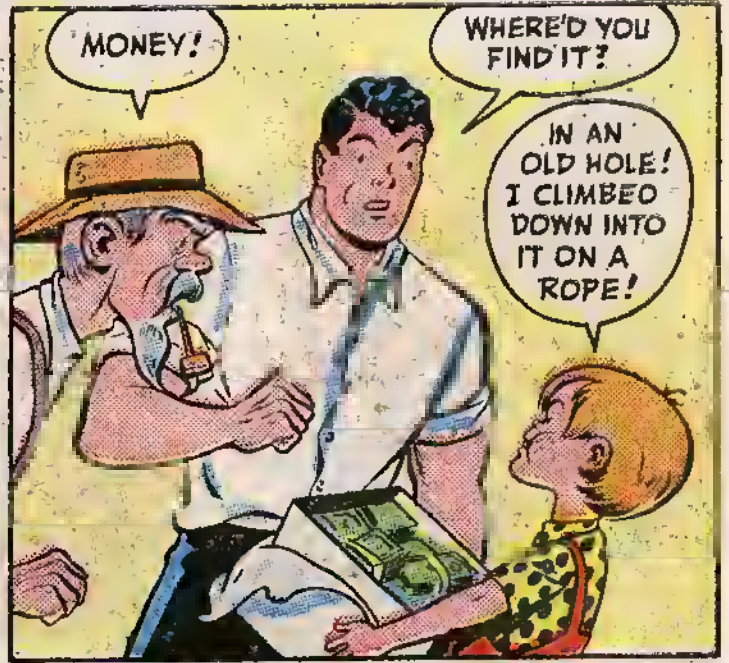
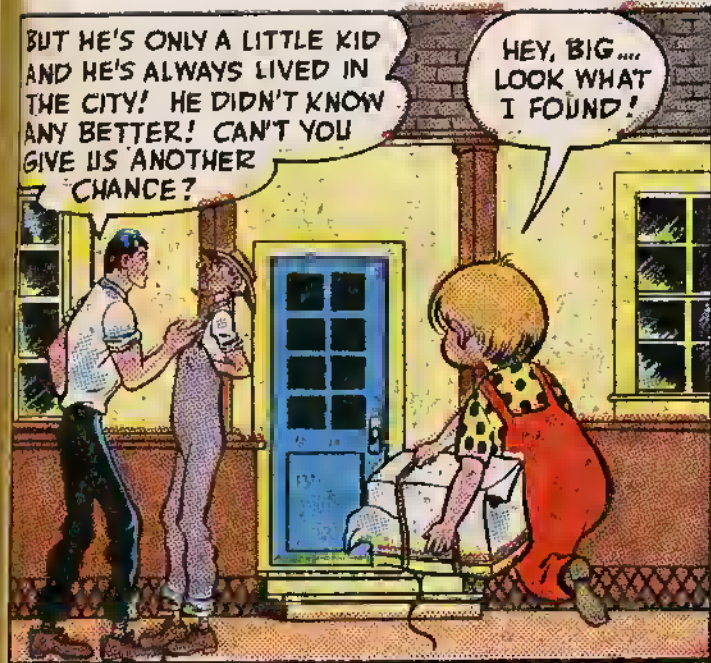


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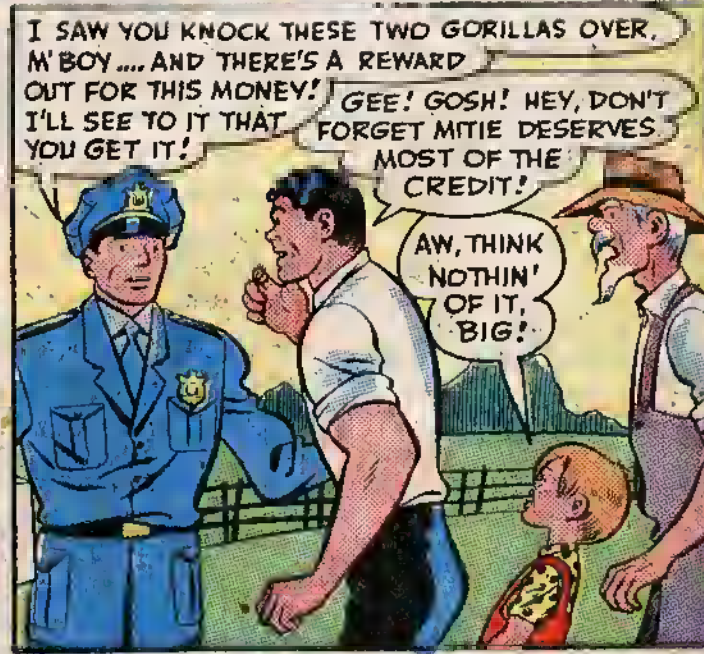
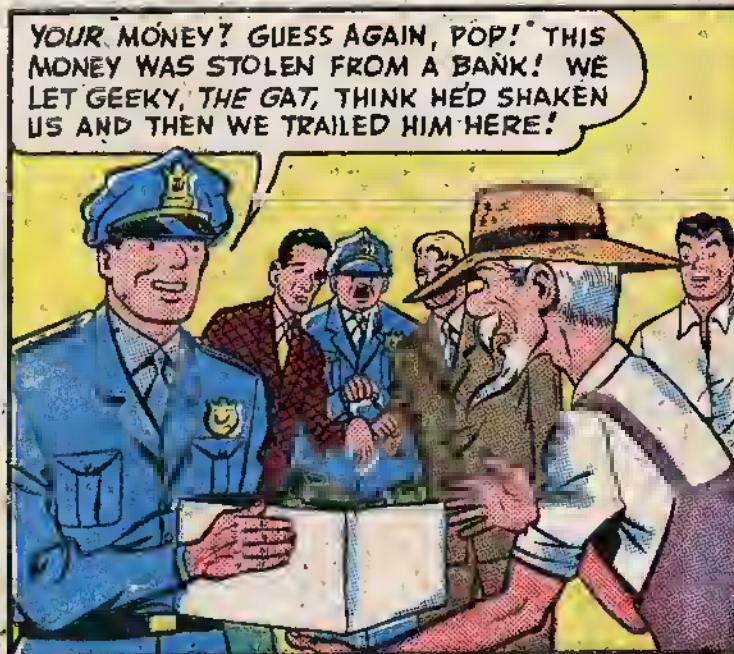
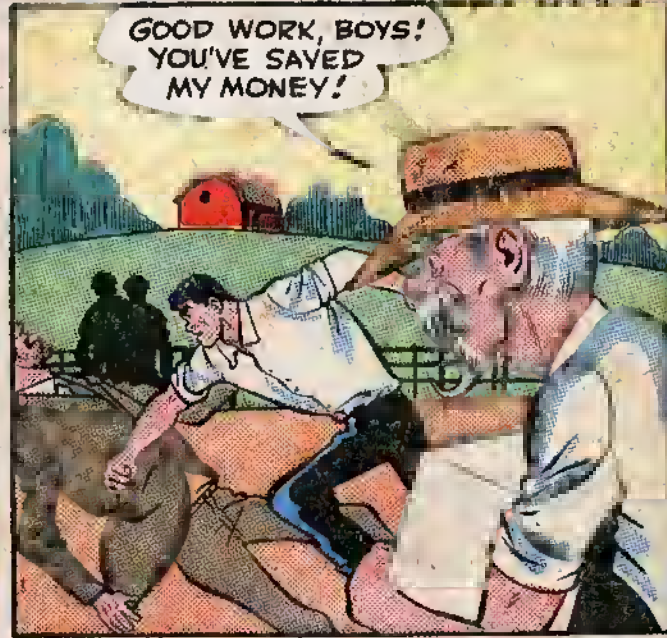
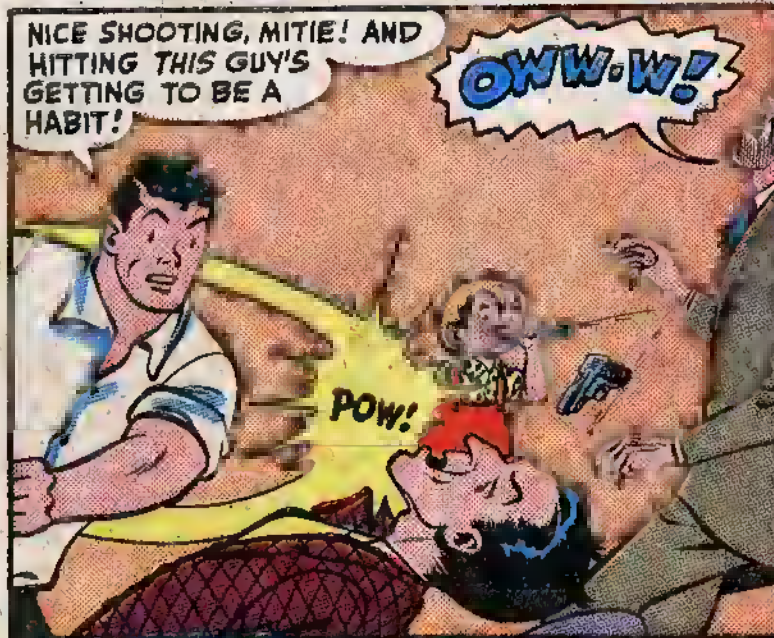
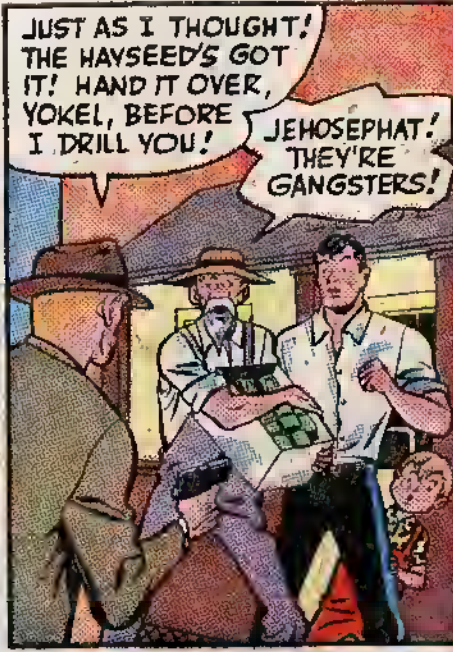








HIT COMICS





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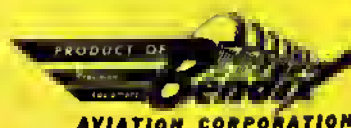


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GIVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*



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You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

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